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THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

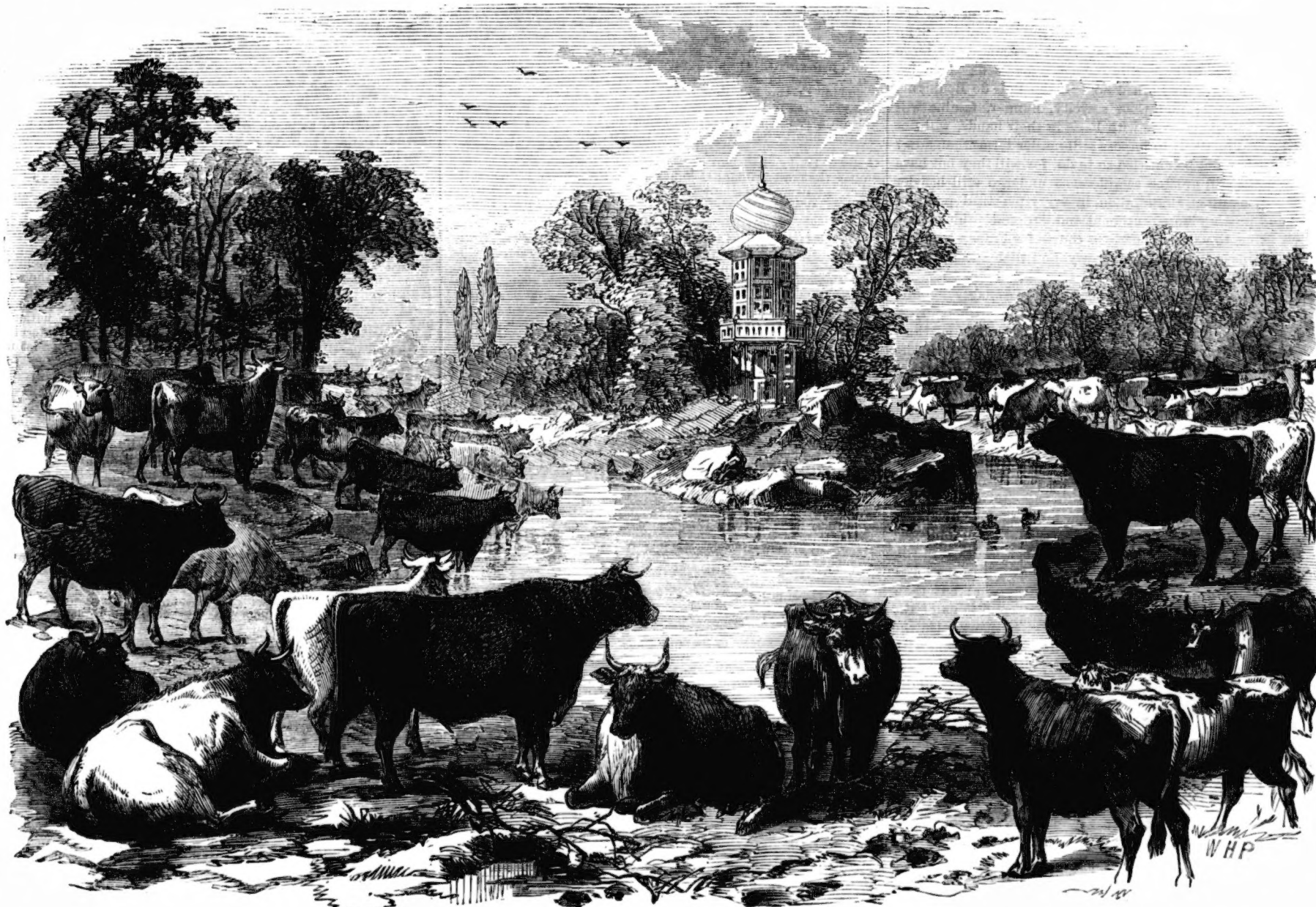
THE Bonapartes have ceased to reign. France is once again a republic, and, under the inspiration of that fact, is girding herself up for the onerous task she has in hand. This mighty revolution is the direct result of the war; so it may be said that, while France has definitively completed the unity of Germany, Germany has liberated France from political thralldom. These are important services for the two foemen nations to have conferred upon each other, though it is true that neither meant to benefit its adversary in any such way. How the Germans will improve the undesigned service done them, we know: past experience teaches us that. How France will employ her unexpectedly found freedom is yet uncertain; we can only hope, while we wait the course of events, that she will use it wisely—more wisely than she has done on previous occasions. She has this in her favour, however, that the men now at the helm of affairs, if they be not perfect in political wisdom, are truly honest men, sincere in their convictions, earnest in their desire to promote the welfare of their country, and untainted by the corrupt practices and servile habits which have generally characterised the persons who have passed for statesmen in France



GENERAL UHRICH, COMMANDANT OF STRASBOURG.

since the advent of the Imperial régime. The old watchwords, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, are again revived; and of this Frenchmen may be assured, that if they show themselves really inspired by the sentiments these words typify, they will command the sympathy and good wishes of every liberal and generous mind.

The legacy the Empire has bequeathed to the Republic is at once sad, painful, and difficult to manage. France must either conclude peace on what will of necessity be disadvantageous terms, or she must continue to struggle against a seemingly irresistible foe. By making an effort to adopt the one course, she will at once know the worst that can befall her at present, and, if reasonable terms be refused, she will at least have placed herself in the right before the world. By obstinately pursuing the other, she may, and probably will, involve herself in still greater difficulties and entail far deeper humiliation. We quite understand how distasteful, how bitter, it is for France to treat for peace with an invader on her soil, though she herself provoked the invasion; but, then, facts cannot be ignored, and France is bound to look the real state of affairs in the face. It is all very well, and very grand, for the Parisians



THE HORNED HOST IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.—(SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," SEPT. 3, PAGE 155.)

to sing the "Marseillaise" and to talk of driving out the Prussians. But can the thing be done? That is the question France has to ask herself. The country and the Republic may be better things to fight for than mere glory and the Bonaparte dynasty, and may well inspire a higher devotion. Still, the ugly facts remain, that the Germans are in France in enormous force; that when the French armies were intact they could not keep them out; and it may well be doubted whether, with her best soldiers dead, wounded, or captive, France will be able to expel them by the aid of raw, undisciplined, unorganised levies, however enthusiastic and patriotic these may be. At all events, neither popular vocalisation, republican cries, nor threats of vengeance, will conjure back King William and his victorious myrmidons. That a sense of freedom, and the spirit begotten thereof, may do much, we are willing to allow; but the crisis demands more tangible instruments than these; and we must confess that we see not whence those instruments are to come. No doubt there are plenty of men still left in France to fight for her; but effective fighting means drilling, and arming, and organising; and these, again, mean time, but time to drill, and arm, and organise her citizens France is not likely to obtain.

Frenchmen dream, under the Republic of 1870, of repeating the rôle of 1792-3, when, under the Republic of that day, their fathers rose in a mass, repelled aggression, and carried the war into the territory of their enemies. But the parallel scarcely holds good. France was then the attacked, and battled to vindicate her right to regulate her own affairs; now she has been the aggressor, and has been checked in an attempt to interfere with the affairs of others. Then she was as a young giant, conscious of right on her side, rejoicing in newly-acquired freedom, and eager to defend it; now she is, it is much to be feared, enervated by political tutelage and addiction to frivolous pleasures. Above all, she then had men of real genius to lead her armies, while those of her adversaries were guided by antiquated mediocrities. The German Generals of these days are very different men from the Brunswicks, Wurmsers, Melases, and Macks of the last century; while France has yet to discover a Dumouriez, a Hoche, a Pichegru, or a Napoleon Bonaparte in the ranks of her defenders. They may be there, but they have not yet appeared; and the crisis is upon her. The German armies are already on their march towards Paris, after having turned aside for a time to annihilate M. Mahon's fine army. Another army is shut up at Metz, and, for any good they can do their country, the soldiers under Marshal Bazaine are as truly prisoners as are their brethren who surrendered at Sedan, except that a large number of German troops are required to look after them. There is thus nothing to impede the progress of the German hosts to the capital; and, however strongly fortified and bravely defended, such a city, if invested, as invested Paris certainly will be, must inevitably succumb, and that, too, within a comparatively brief period. A smaller place might hold out; but to feed a population of nigh upon 2,000,000 souls, with a vigilant enemy encompassing them about, is no easy matter. The accumulated stores of food materials, large though these be, will speedily become exhausted; the flour, and the wine, and the horned host in the Bois de Boulogne, will be eaten up; and then scarcity, hunger, famine will compel submission. And with Paris in their hands, will not the Germans be likely to impose still harder terms than now? And will they not be entitled so to do, for will they not have had to make still greater sacrifices, to undergo still heavier toils? Looking at affairs, then, in every practical point of view, and putting mere sentiment and national pride on one side, it seems to us that the wisest course for France to follow is to make peace with her adversary, and that speedily, lest a worse fate befall her.

What terms the one belligerent may reasonably impose, and the other submit to without positive dishonour, it is not for us to say. What seems assured is that, as France was the aggressor, and has been worsted, she must pay the penalty of her aggression. True, the aggression was committed under the Empire, and the Empire has ceased to be; but that accident of the situation does not absolve France. By abolishing the Empire, Frenchmen may have done an act of justice to themselves, the fruits of which they will reap hereafter; but their position towards Germany remains unchanged: the memory of the wrong done is neither wiped out nor are its consequences cancelled. France Republican is still responsible for the mischief done by France Imperial. Moreover, the new men, though they objected to the Emperor's policy, are not altogether guiltless in this matter. M. Thiers and the Constitutionalists, M. Jules Favre and the Republicans, protested against the war; but their protest merely touched the time and the conditions of the contest, not the principle of warfare with Germany. On the propriety—nay, the supposed necessity—of interfering with the course of events in that country, all Frenchmen were agreed; they only differed as to the circumstances under which the interference should take place. As all parties in France, then, are in some measure to blame for the course their country followed, all are amenable to the consequences their common sentiments have evoked, and are not entitled to exonerate themselves at the expense of their neighbours. Much less is Germany, the wronged, bound to accept the mere downfall of the Empire as sufficient satisfaction for the injury done her, or as sufficient guarantee for safety in the future. The rectification of the Rhine frontier has been for years a favourite project with French statesmen, authors, journalists, and people. An effort to carry that project into effect has been made, and has failed; but there is as yet no indication that it has either been repented of

or abandoned. It behoves Germany, therefore, to exact guarantees that she shall not be again troubled on this score whenever opportunity may seem to serve; and France must either beat back the Germans or yield the guarantees demanded. As to the likelihood there is of her being able to beat back the invaders from her soil, all the world can judge; what hostages she shall give for good behaviour in the future is for the statesmen now at the head of affairs in France to determine. On them rests a weighty responsibility; for in their hands is the immediate peace of Europe and the future position, power, greatness, and independence of France.

On King William and his advisers, too, a heavy responsibility devolves; for, while it behoves them to take hostages for future peace, and, it may be, to exact compensation (of some sort) for past wrong, they are bound to confine their demands within reasonable limits, and to take care that they do not drive a noble and high-spirited people to desperation by intolerable humiliation—that, while conscious of possessing a giant's strength, they be not tyrannous, and use it like a giant. Success has hitherto crowned their efforts, as wisdom and skill have governed their actions. But neither may last for ever. Let them beware of pride of power and lust of vengeance. Overweening conceit of power has been the ruin of their adversary so far; if they yield to the promptings of the same evil passion, it may, by-and-by, prove their ruin too. It will be wise, therefore, in the Germans to be reasonable in their aims; and not to rashly reject such overtures for peace as may be made to them, if these overtures be such as they can concede with safety to themselves and to the future peace of their country.

GENERAL UHRICH, COMMANDER OF STRASBOURG.

AMIDST the daily intelligence of the progress of the war, which keeps us in a state of feverish anxiety, there have been few particulars that have excited a more painful interest than the reports which represented the danger that threatened the city and cathedral of Strasbourg. To a large number of English people even the strategic importance and significant natural position of the great frontier town had less to do with their dismay at hearing of its peril than the recollections of its beauties and the memory of pleasant holiday excursions, in which its marvellous church, and the clock that is still one of the wonders of the world, were prominent landmarks. It may be said, therefore, that the Commandant of Strasbourg occupies just now an important place in the minds of thousands of those who have only partially followed the particulars of the campaign, and we are consulting the interest of many of our readers in publishing his portrait. It is the portrait of a veteran; for General Uhrich was born at Phalsburg, on Feb. 15, 1802, and is therefore sixty-eight years of age. After leaving the School of St. Cyr, in 1820, he made his first step in a military career as Sous-Lieutenant in the 3rd Regiment of the Line. In this capacity he served in the Spanish campaign of 1823, where he took part in the siege of Pampeluna. Since that time he has seen a variety of service. In 1824 he rose to the rank of Lieutenant; and in 1831 became Captain. Taking part in the operations in Algeria, he rose to be chief of battalion of the Line in 1841; then Lieutenant-Colonel of the 79th Regiment, in 1852; General of Brigade and General of Division in 1855. Few men, perhaps, have risen by such gradual steps, and it may well be assumed that General Uhrich, from the first, earned promotion by steady ability and soldier-like conduct. The part he took in the Crimean War added to his high reputation for these qualities. At the time of the commencement of hostilities he commanded the sub-division of the Bas Rhin at Strasbourg, and he went to the Crimea at the head of a mixed brigade composed of the Imperial Guard then being formed, who were several times under fire, and always with great credit. On his return to France, he was nominated to the command of a division of infantry, which was afterwards included in the 5th Corps of the army of Italy. In 1857 he was promoted to be a Commander of the Legion of Honour, and became a grand officer of the order in 1862. In 1867 his age entitled him to be placed on the reserve, but he is now again in active and vigorous service, for Time seems to have passed him by. General Uhrich had two brothers, one of whom was reckoned among the most brilliant Colonels in the French army; while the other is still an intendant General; the General has also a son and nephews, who are staff officers, so that it is a military family.

COUNT BISMARCK'S TERMS OF PEACE.

THE correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* with the German army gives the following as a conversation he had held with Count Bismarck:—

On Sunday evening I had half an hour's conversation with Count Bismarck, and, as his Excellency was well aware he was talking to your correspondent, and that "anything he said might be taken down in writing, and used against him," as they say in the police courts, I have no hesitation in sending you the substance of his remarks about the conditions of peace to be demanded of France. "We might," said the Federal Chancellor, "form Alsace and Lorraine into an independent neutral State stretching from Luxembourg to Switzerland, and so protecting the whole of our western frontier against France. But who is to guarantee the neutrality of such a State? Then, too, the people would be always wanting to return to France, to which they have so long belonged. As to ourselves annexing Alsace and Lorraine, I do not see the use, far less the probability, of our doing so. We should have a discontented people to govern, and, besides, mere increase of territory has no attractions for Germany. But we must have securities against an attack from France. So long as she possesses Strasbourg the whole of South Germany is at her mercy. We have no fortress till you get to Ulm. Strasbourg therefore, and Metz probably, we shall take and hold permanently, if our arms are ultimately victorious. Strasbourg shall be our Gibraltar. You say that the French will hate us fearfully for taking their two best fortresses, and will perpetually be seeking to revenge themselves. I grant it; but it is certain that they are already so enraged against us that they will endeavour to revenge themselves in every possible way. The best thing we can, therefore, do, in the interests of peace, is to take the power of doing mischief out of their hands. The Germans insist on that. You say you hope we shall not meddle with Holland. My dear Sir, we do not dream of it; the Dutch are not Germans, and German unity is what we want. I assure you no German dreams of trying to annex Holland." Count Bismarck then spoke very strongly against the French-Tireurs; and, pointing to an article in the *Figaro*, translated in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which he held in his hand, said that, on their own showing, the French-Tireurs were assassins, and could in nowise be considered as forming part of the regular French army. I ought, perhaps, to state that I in no way sought to "interview" the Chancellor. He had expressed a wish to see the *Pall Mall Gazette*, English newspapers being rare articles here; and, on going to call for them, I was asked to step in and smoke a cigar with the great Minister.

WRECK ON THE IRISH COAST.—GALLANT LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.—One of the best services rendered by the valuable life-boat belonging to the National Life-Boat Institution stationed at Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, was effected on the 2nd inst. The schooner Dove, of Barrow, sank on Arklow bank at eleven o'clock the previous night, and the crew of four men and the master's wife had to take refuge in the rigging, where they remained all night, the poor woman having nothing on but her night-dress. As soon as the wreck was discovered in the morning the life-boat was launched, while the wind was still blowing a fierce gale from the S.S.W., and there was a very heavy sea breaking on the bank. After a hard struggle the life-boat was fortunately enabled to rescue the five poor creatures, who were in a very exhausted state. They had to be dragged through the surf to the boat. The vessel was on a voyage from Morecambe to Newport, with a cargo of pig iron, when she was overtaken by the gale and driven on the bank. This noble life-boat has been the means during the past few years of saving eighty-eight lives from different wrecks.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

France has again effected a revolution, and has constituted herself a Republic. The new Ministry is thus formed:—General Trochu, President; M. Jules Favre, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Gambetta, of the Interior; General Leflo, War; M. Fourichon, Marine; M. Crémieux, Justice; M. Picard, Finance; M. Jules Simon, Public Instruction and Religion; M. Magnin, Agriculture; and M. Dorian, Public Works. M. Etienne Arago has been appointed Mayor of Paris, and M. de Kératry Prefect of Police. M. Kératry, in a proclamation he has issued, says that the object of the Revolution is, as in 1792, the expulsion of the foreigner. The Republic has been universally accepted throughout France. The large towns have, without a dissentient voice, acquiesced in the dictation of the capital. The Provisional Government is fairly in office, and General Trochu has installed himself in the Tuilleries. A proclamation has been issued to the army justifying the revolution and appealing to the soldiers to continue their heroic efforts for the defence of the country. Several decrees have been issued by the various Ministers relieving the public functionaries from their oaths to the late Government, abolishing the stamp on newspapers, &c.; but in many respects the most remarkable of them are two, signed by M. Gambetta, appointing two gentlemen, one to be Prefect of the other Mayor of the beleaguered city of Strasbourg, and appealing to their patriotism and public spirit to make their way at once into the besieged city and inform the inhabitants how highly France appreciates their heroism.

Among the first acts of the new Ministry has been the dissolution of the Legislative Chamber and the suppression of the Senate and the Presidency of the Council of State. Seals have been placed on the doors of the Chamber. The Ministers have also published a complete amnesty for all political crimes and offences, and have declared the manufacture and sale of arms absolutely free. A Committee of National Defence has been appointed, composed of all the members for Paris, including M. Henri Rochefort. General Trochu is President; M. Jules Favre, Vice-President; M. Ferry, Secretary. M. Thiers, it is announced, has declined to become a member of the Provisional Government.

It is stated that one of the first acts of the new French Government was to send a message to the United States Government asking for its moral support.

The Empress Eugénie left France on Sunday, via Maubeuge. She has gone to join her husband at Wilhelmshöhe, in Hesse-Cassel.

General Trochu has intrusted Count Palikao with the command of the army at Lyons. A proclamation of General Trochu, dated Tuesday, says:—"The enemy is marching on Paris. The defence of the capital is assured. Instructions have been given to organise defence in the neighbouring departments. The Government reckons upon the courage and patriotism of all." The Government and the people display equal activity in the preparations for defence. The election of officers of the National Guard is proceeding, arms are being distributed, and cadres are being formed. The garrison of the city has been augmented by the arrival of General Vinoy's corps.

A report is prevalent that M. Louis Blanc is to be the new French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, but no official announcement of the appointment has yet been made.

M. André Lavertuon has been appointed editor of the *Journal Officiel*, in place of M. Norbert Billiard.

The regalia and the French crown have been deposited with the Bank of France.

Lord Lyons had a long interview with M. Jules Favre on Monday, and it is rumoured that his Lordship and the Chevalier Nigra are about to start for the Prussian headquarters, to try and open negotiations with King William on bases which can be accepted by the Republic.

It has been stated that the deputies of the Right have quitted Paris. They first went to the office of the cashier of the Corps Législatif to draw their current month's salary; but National Guards on duty told them that all payments were stopped, and they had to go away in a state of impecuniosity.

General Fleury has resigned his post as French Ambassador at the Russian Court. The French Military Attaché has left St. Petersburg.

Victor Hugo has returned to Paris, and on arriving was welcomed with much enthusiasm. He said he had promised to return when the Republic returned, and he had kept his word. He had come to do his duty in the hour of danger; to save Paris. To save Paris was more than to save France—it was to save the world, the centre of humanity, the capital of civilisation. Such a city was not to be taken by a "savage invasion." She must inevitably triumph if they were all united. Fraternity would save liberty.

The prisoners condemned to death for their participation in the late riots at La Villette have been set free by the Republican Government, as well as those who were condemned by the High Court at Tours.

A manifesto of the International Working Men's Association to the Socialist Democracy of Germany is published in the Paris papers. It says that, as the Prussian Government waged war against the Emperor, and not against the nation, Republican France invites Germany to lay down her arms. If not, the war must go on; for the French people will conclude no peace with an enemy occupying its territory. It is the friend of all free peoples, and does not interfere with the government of other nations. "Let us therefore proclaim the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the peoples," the manifesto says in conclusion, "and let us form the United States of Europe. Long live the Universal Republic!"

Most of the suppressed Republican journals have reappeared. They support the new Government, and the *Pays*, the *Public*, the *Constitutionnel*, the *Peuple Français*, *La France*, and *Le Français* all promise to sustain the new Government in the interest of the national defence, putting aside at the present moment all other considerations. The *Soir* disclaims all responsibility on the part of the French nation for the crimes of the Imperial policy, and appeals to the fraternal spirit of the German Liberal party. France, it says, will treat with that party independently of King William, and will aid Germany to rid herself of King William, Bismarck, and the feudal gentry, who are as much the enemies of Germany as of France.

ITALY.

It is reported from Florence that two Cabinet Councils were held last Saturday, when the questions discussed related to the general policy and the Roman question, which are inseparable. The decision the Government may take on the Roman question must influence its policy on European questions. During the last month the Roman question has become a subject of communication between the Ministry and the other Powers.

The Paris papers received on Thursday contain telegrams from various sources, which report great agitation in Italy. A despatch from Marseilles informs us, "under all reserve," that the Republic had been proclaimed, Victor Emmanuel having abdicated, and that Prince Humbert was President. Another despatch, from Naples, says that tumultuous crowds in the streets were crying, "Rome or the Republic."

A Florence correspondent announces that a deputation from Nice has had an interview with the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The deputation declared that the inhabitants of Nice were tired of the tyrannical yoke of France, and would bear it no longer. In the late communal elections not a single Frenchman had been returned. The young men refused to serve in the Garde Mobile, and daily conflicts between the military and the people were taking place. All was ready for a general rising, and if the Italian Government would not utter a word of encouragement, affairs would have to take their own course. The Minister declined to say anything on the subject, and the deputation was to return the same evening.

BELGIUM.

The Communal Council of Brussels has voted a first sum of 100,000, in aid of the French and Prussian wounded, and has ordered several communal edifices to be set apart as hospitals.

The *Journal de Bruxelles* announces the arrival of M. Henri Chevreau, the late French Minister of the Interior.

SPAIN.

The Republican members of the Spanish Cortes, nineteen in number, have sent a message of congratulation to the Provisional Government in Paris. They say they are sure that the rivalries excited by Kings will now cease, and that Europe will form one nation and one family. A grand Republican demonstration is to be held in honour of France, and in favour of abrogating the Constitution which establishes the monarchical form of government in Spain. Meanwhile, the battalions of the Line regiments are to be increased, and also those of the chasseurs, and the soldiers on furlough are called in.

The Spanish Government, it is said, will be guided in its recognition of the French Government by its liberal sentiments and the interests of the country, which, being interpreted, means that it will follow the lead of other Powers.

GERMANY.

Great rejoicings have taken place in Berlin in consequence of the fresh victories obtained by the German arms.

A meeting has been held at Stuttgart, at which a motion was carried rejecting foreign intervention in the conclusion of peace, and declaring that the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine was the only possible guarantee against French ambition. An address against foreign intervention is circulating in Leipzig, and is being signed by the municipal and other authorities, clergymen, professors, &c. It is to be sent to the King of Prussia. Another address in the same sense will be sent to the King of Saxony.

A telegram from Berlin states that three South German capitals demand union with the north. The Munich Town Council petitioned the King of Bavaria to join the North German Confederation. The King, in reply, hopes that the war will secure a happy future for Bavaria and Germany. At Stuttgart a monster meeting of leading politicians and most respectable citizens demanded the immediate reunion with Northern Germany. Similar demonstrations at Carlsruhe and Mayence.

DENMARK.

The King has issued a proclamation convoking the ordinary session of the Diet for Oct. 3.

THE UNITED STATES.

A telegram from New York says that there is a marked increase of sympathy with France since the Republic has been declared.

INDIA.

Calcutta telegrams state that a general feeling of insecurity prevails in Allahabad. The 4th Native Infantry had laid down their arms on account of a comrade having been shot for insubordination after his trial by court-martial. General Vaughan has brought more English troops from Cawnpore, and the magistrate has issued a circular reassuring the residents. The panic is believed to be unfounded, but there are many bad characters in Allahabad.

CHINA.

From Hong-Kong we learn by a telegram, dated Aug. 18, that the negotiations with the Chinese authorities in connection with the Tien-Tsin tragedy remain in the same position, failing instructions from Europe. A feeling of insecurity prevails at all the treaty ports, which is increased by this inaction. The presence of the British and French Ministers and the two Admirals at Tien-Tsin has quickened the Governor of the province in his inquiry regarding the complicity of the Tien-Tsin mandarins in the massacre.

NEW ZEALAND.

The news from New Zealand is of a decidedly pacific character. Te Kooti, with a remnant of his former band, is still supposed to be hiding in the impenetrable bush in the neighbourhood of Waioeka; but the desertion of his followers, his want of ammunition, and the discouraging effect his recent reverses have had upon him, have rendered him almost powerless. The Uriwera natives have been reduced to subjection, and are not likely to occasion any further trouble. The negotiations which have been carried on between Mr. McLean, the Defence Minister, and the King party are likely to lead to the establishment of friendly relations between the latter and the Colonial Government. The King is stated to be very desirous that a nothing should be done to cause further hostilities, and, with reference to Te Kooti, has been heard to remark that so long as he remained quiet, well and good, but that if he ever rose up again to fight they would put him down by force. The Governor had presented Majors Kemp, Ropata, and Morgan, the native commanders, with swords of honour sent them by the Queen. The swords were splendidly mounted with silver, and bore the inscription:—"Given to (the name) by Queen Victoria, for his unflinching loyalty and valour. May you long live to wear it in health and honour." Mrs. Fox, the wife of the Premier, buckled on the swords. Some forty of the Maori prisoners had been tried for high treason and sentenced to death. They were told, however, that the sentence would not be carried out, but that the Government would award them their punishment.

THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS.

SCENE IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

WHEN the Chamber met, soon after one o'clock on Sunday, it presented an extraordinary sight. The strangers' galleries were filled to overflowing, and the members were in a state of the wildest excitement. The debate was begun by M. Raspail, the stormy petrel of Revolution, who, without wasting words, called upon the Chamber to proclaim the dethronement of the Napoleonic dynasty. The fiery "Irreconcilable" was followed by M. de Kératry, who attacked the Ministry for guarding the Corps Législatif with troops, and for giving orders contrary to those of General Trochu. General Palikao offered a short defence of his conduct, and then he proposed that the Chamber should meet the crisis by electing a Committee of Public Safety, which would include the Ministers. A sharp voice from the Left elicited the further information that General Palikao himself should be nominated the Lieutenant-General of the Council. When the Minister of War had ceased speaking, M. Jules Favre rose to demand that the Chamber should proclaim the dethronement of the Emperor. On two grounds he claimed priority—first, that he had given notice of his plan before General Palikao had proposed the scheme of the Government; and, secondly, that his project was the more complete. M. Thiers also claimed a hearing for his motion to appoint a Commission of Government and National Defence, and to convocate a Constituent Assembly so soon as circumstances should permit. After M. Gambetta had criticised the terms of the resolution, M. Schneider, the President, proposed that the Chambers should declare all the three propositions urgent, and that a commission of nine members should draw up a report on the subject, and communicate it to the deputies.

The sitting was then suspended for a short time, and about half-past two, when the deputies again met, the Chamber was occupied by a battalion of the National Guard. M. Gambetta almost immediately mounted the tribune, and, with the thundering eloquence of which he is master, proceeded to discuss the duties of the hour. He called upon the Parisians to be calm and united. He specially addressed his words to the strangers in the galleries, who had by this time become very noisy. The efforts of the eloquent deputy to maintain order were fruitless; the tumult grew wilder and more wild; and when M. Crémieux mounted the tribune his words were drowned in the noise of discordant voices. Such was the shouting among the members themselves, and such the wild din created by the people in the gal-

leries, that not a word of the speech could be heard. M. Schneider himself then tried to restore order, and for a moment he succeeded. But no sooner did he cease to urge the necessity of calm than he himself and all his dignity were swept away by a wild rush of the mob into the Chamber. Meanwhile M. Gambetta retained possession of the tribune, and, addressing the surging crowd, besought them to keep order and be calm. Joining in the appeal, M. Schneider implored the people to remember their duty as patriots, as lovers of France and of liberty. He reminded them that the deputies would discuss the duties of the hour, and would pronounce such a decision as should be demanded by the situation. All the efforts of the President, however, were fruitless; and at last he came down from his throne of authority in despair. By this time the confusion and the noise had so increased that M. Girault du Cher tried in vain to throw oil on the troubled waters; and when M. Gambetta attempted to make himself heard he equally failed. Then M. Glais-Bizoin went to the oratorical post; but his voice was also drowned in the wild tumult, and his rhetoric was reduced to a dumb show of frantic gesticulation. House orators of the mob took the duties of the President out of the tribune into their own hands. One seized M. Schneider's bell and violently rang it as a summons to silence. Others tried to address their companions, and, in a struggle to gain possession of the tribune, one man was thrown down. By this time it was twenty minutes past three o'clock, and the Corps Législatif had virtually ceased to exist. Most of the members had fled, and the hall of debate was left in possession of the crowd. Meanwhile the Place de la Concorde was filled by an enormous throng, bearing emblems of Republicanism and raising shouts of "Vive la République!" The noise was deafening—the confusion indescribable.

SCENES IN THE STREETS.

About nine o'clock last Saturday evening multitudes of excited people were massed on the Place Vendôme, and from all sides reverberated the cries "Abdication!" "Abdication!" Louder and louder the storm grew, and it could be heard far and near. The crowd was excited, and threatening murmurs were exchanged from side to side. Calls were made for Trochu, and at length the Governor of Paris presented himself at the window. It was not very easy to gather what he said, but *Figaro* reports him as follows:—"The Governor was pale and in tears. He said, calmly, 'You have asked for me, gentlemen, and here I am. What do you desire?' (A voice: 'News!') 'We have sustained a reverse unparalleled in history.' (Several voices: 'Pronounce the deposition!') 'Gentlemen, I am a soldier. I have taken an oath, and to break one's oath is to break one's honour. It belongs to the Chamber to reply to your demand.' (Shouts of 'Vive la République!' almost immediately suppressed by unanimous counter-cries.)"

By eleven o'clock comparative calm had been restored, when suddenly a shot was fired, followed by another, and then by several. They appeared to come from the police-station in front of the Gymnase. This was followed by charges of the sergents-de-ville, who rushed through the streets with drawn swords or with their staffs raised. The crowd was driven back with the utmost disorder, hooting at the police, who continued to pursue them till they were dispersed. The conduct of the police provoked general indignation. It was said, and with reason, that the time was ill chosen for a brutal act of repression, and that it would have been better to leave open a safety-valve for the patriotic enthusiasm of the citizens, even though mixed with indignation—legitimate indignation—than to provoke their anger. Shortly before midnight, at the moment when the crowd was most dense at the Place Vendôme, 200 sergents-de-ville, commanded by an officer, arrived, to give assistance to the Governor of Paris. General Trochu, having been informed of this fact, sent one of his aides-de-camp with the following reply:—"Tell M. Pietri that I do not require his agents to protect me. I know quite well how to protect myself." The sergents-de-ville then retired, amidst the hooting of the crowd.

The excitement in the streets culminated on Sunday. The National Guard and the people were enraged at the conduct of the police on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle on Saturday evening. At one o'clock a deputation of the National Guard appeared unarmed at the Pont de la Concorde on their way to the Corps Législatif. A body of gendarmes were at the end of the bridge. The members of the deputation demanded permission to pass, and were answered by sabre-cuts. One man of the National Guard, who received a deep wound on the head, fell covered with blood. His comrades got round him, took him on their shoulders, and bore him to General Trochu's house. Two battalions of National Guard who were there to ask for instructions were crying out, "Vive Trochu! vive la France!" When the wounded man was brought to the house the cries were redoubled; the men called for General Trochu, and demanded vengeance on their assailants. The appearance of a captain of the Line was the signal for loud cries of "Vive la Ligne!" which was gracefully acknowledged by the gallant officer. Some few minutes afterwards M. Durieux appeared on the steps of the house. He said, "General Trochu is unwell; he cannot receive you at this moment. He has directed me to tell you to get your arms and march to the Place de la Concorde, but with bayonets not fixed." After a short time hundreds of the National Guard might be seen in the Rue de Rivoli, on their way towards the place specified by the General. In the courtyard of the Tuileries carabinieri, grenadiers, and light infantry were encamped.

After the opening of the Chamber the Place de la Concorde was the theatre of scenes which pass description. The companies of the National Guard who arrived one after another, carrying arms, were the objects of enthusiastic acclamations from a hundred thousand excited spectators. The cry of "Vive la France!" is raised, and some one replies, "Vive la République!" Presently the passage of the bridge, which was guarded by mounted gendarmes, is forced, and National Guards in a few moments cover the steps in front of the Palais-Bourbon, while above the immense crowd floats the tricolour. At half-past two the Guards of Paris who had been posted in the environs of the Chamber, retired in good order, and the sergents-de-ville followed—the majority of the latter being disarmed by the populace. Some of their swords were twisted and thrown into the Seine, or laid at the foot of the statue of the city of Strasbourg, which, since Saturday last, has been covered with flags and garlands of flowers. One of the crowd sings the "Marseillaise," and the refrain is taken up in a moment by thirty thousand voices. One of the Garde Mobile, meanwhile, places upon the pedestal the swords and three-cornered hats of the sergents-de-ville and takes off the eagles from the flags. One cry is heard above all. It is this—"Vive la République!"

At four o'clock MM. Crémieux and Gambetta, followed by an immense crowd of citizens and National Guards, went to the Hôtel de Ville by the left bank of the river. All the men of the National Guard had taken the eagles out of their shakos. On the quays of the left bank MM. Ferry and Jules Favre were seen, also going to the Hôtel de Ville. All the rifles of the National Guard and the hats of the crowd were ornamented with ivy leaves. From the Place de la Concorde to the Hôtel de Ville, the Rue de Rivoli was crowded with people who, with one voice, called out, "Vive la République!" Towards the Hôtel de Ville columns of National Guards, with or without arms, flowed in from all sides. A four-seated vehicle was provided for MM. Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, Gambetta, and Crémieux. After a short parley, the gates of the Hôtel de Ville were opened, and the deputies entered, followed by an immense crowd. The place outside was densely packed. M. Pelletan arrived in a carriage, and entered the hotel amidst the acclamations of the crowd, which he frequently acknowledged. A detachment of the 66th of the Line and a contingent of the Municipal Guard raised their guns in the air amidst the loud and prolonged cheering of the people. The cries of "Vive la République!" and "Vive Rochefort!" were then redoubled. A carriage containing Rochefort and the brothers Fonville drove into the square through

the Avenue Victoria, whence it was dragged along by the people. Before the vehicle marched one of the citizens, carrying a tricolour. The people continued to cheer the Deputy of the First Circumscription, and the carriage in which he was sitting entered the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville amidst a scene of enthusiasm which may be not inappropriately described as a triumph.

CIRCULAR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

The following is the full text of a Circular addressed to the French diplomatic agents abroad by the Vice-President of the Committee of National Defence and Minister of Foreign Affairs:—

"Sir,—The events which have just taken place in Paris explain themselves so well by the inexorable logic of facts that it is useless to insist at length on their meaning and bearing. In ceding to an irresistible impulse which had been but too long restrained, the population of Paris has obeyed a necessity superior to that of its own safety; it did not wish to perish with the criminal Government which was leading France to her ruin; it has not pronounced the deposition of Napoleon III. and of his dynasty—it has registered it in the name of Right, Justice, and Public Safety, and the sentence was so well ratified beforehand by the conscience of all, that no one even among the most noisy defenders of the power that was falling raised his voice to uphold it. It collapsed of itself under the weight of its faults, and amid the acclamations of an immense people, without a single drop of blood being shed, without any one individual being deprived of his personal liberty, and we have been able to see—a thing unheard of in history—the citizens, upon whom the popular voice conferred the perilous mandate to fight and to conquer, not thinking for a moment of their political adversaries, who but the day before threatened them with execution. It is by refusing to their adversaries the honour of being subject to any sort of repression that they have shown them their blindness and impotence. Order has not been disturbed for a single moment. Our confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the National Guard and of the whole population permits us to affirm that it will not be disturbed. Rescued from the shame and the danger of a Government which has proved itself a traitor to all its duties, each one now comprehends that the first act of the national sovereignty, at last reconquered, must be one of self-control—the seeking for strength in respect for right. Moreover, time must not be lost; the enemies are at our gates; we have but one thought—namely, their expulsion from our territory. But this obligation, which we resolutely accept, we did not impose upon France. She would not be in her present position if our voice had been listened to. We have energetically defended, even at the cost of our popularity, the policy of peace; we still maintain the same opinion with increasing conviction. Our heart breaks at the sight of these human massacres wherein is sacrificed the flower of two nations, that a little good sense and a great deal of liberty would have preserved from such frightful catastrophes. We cannot find any expression capable of rendering our admiration for our heroic army sacrificed by the incapacity of the supreme commander, but showing itself greater in its defeats than in the most brilliant victory; for, in spite of the knowledge of faults which compromised its safety, the army has immolated itself with sublime heroism in the face of certain death—redeeming thus the honour of France from the stain cast upon her by her Government. All honour to the army! The nation looks towards it with open arms! The Imperial Power wished to divide them: misfortune and duty join them in a solemn embrace sealed by patriotism and liberty. This alliance renders us invincible. Ready for every emergency, we look with calmness on the position of affairs made what it is, not by us, but by others. This position I will explain in a few words, and I submit it to the judgment of my country and of Europe. We loudly condemned the war, and, while protesting our respect for the rights of peoples, we asked that Germany should be left mistress of her own destinies. We wished that liberty should be at the same time our common tie and our common shield. We were convinced that these moral forces would for ever ensure peace, but as a sanction we claimed an arm for every citizen, a civil organisation, and the election of leaders. Then we should have remained invincible on our own soil. The Government of the Emperor, which had long since separated its interests from those of the country, opposed that policy. We take it up with the hope that, taught by experience, France will have the wisdom to put it into practice. On his side, the King of Prussia declared that he made war, not against France, but against the Imperial dynasty. The dynasty has fallen to the ground. France raises herself free. Does the King of Prussia wish to continue an impious struggle which will be at least as fatal to him as to us? Does he wish to give to the world of the nineteenth century the cruel spectacle of two nations destroying one another, and, in forgetfulness of humanity, reason, and science, heaping corpse upon corpse, and ruin upon ruin? He is free to assume this responsibility in the face of the world and of history. If it is a challenge, we accept it. We will not cede either an inch of our territory or a stone of our fortresses. A shameful peace would mean a war of extermination at an early date. We will only treat for a durable peace. In this our interest is that of the whole of Europe, and we have reason to hope that, freed from all dynastic considerations, the question will thus present itself before the Cabinets of Europe. But, should we be alone, we shall not yield. We have a resolute army, well-provisioned forts, a well-established enceinte; and, above all, the breasts of 300,000 combatants determined to hold out to the last. When they piously lay crowns at the feet of the statue of Strasbourg, they do not obey merely an enthusiastic sentiment of admiration, they adopt their heroic *not d'ordre*—they swear to be worthy of their brethren of Alsace, and to die as they have done. After the forts we have the ramparts, after the ramparts we have the barricades. Paris can hold out for three months and conquer. If she succumbs, France will start up at her appeal and avenge her. France would continue the struggle, and the aggressor would perish. Such is, Sir, what Europe must know. We have not accepted power with any other object; we will not keep it a moment if we should not find the population of Paris, and the whole of France, decided to share our resolutions. I sum up these resolves briefly, in presence of God who hears me, in the face of posterity which shall judge us. We wish only for peace; but if this disastrous war, which we have condemned, is continued against us, we shall do our duty to the last, and I have the firm confidence that our cause, which is that of Right and of Justice, will triumph in the end. It is in this manner that I invite you to explain the situation to the Minister of the Court to which you are accredited, and in whose hands you will place a copy of this document. Accept, Sir, the expression of my high consideration."

"JULES FAVRE,

"Sept. 6, 1870.

"Minister of Foreign Affairs."

GALLANT RESCUE FROM DROWNING AT RAMSGATE.—On Tuesday a gentleman and lady, who are visitors at Ramsgate, were rescued from a perilous position amongst the cliffs near that town. They had strolled along the sea-shore as far as Dampton, while the tide was rising. On reaching Sir Moses Montefiore's estate they found that the tide had risen to the cliff, so that they could proceed no further, and, to their horror, on looking back, they discovered that the water was close to the cliff on the other side of them, and that they could not get back. The sea being very rough, their cries for help were drowned in its roar. The water soon reached them, and in a quarter of an hour help would have been unavailing. Fortunately, about half a mile from the shore a boat was passing, and the crew, having observed them, rowed towards the shore. It was with extreme difficulty that the boatmen could keep clear of the rocks, and at one time it seemed probable that the whole of them would be drowned. At last William Hillier, one of the crew, succeeded in reaching the woman. He endeavoured to drag her into the boat, but was dashed back by the breakers three times. He then called to her companion to take hold of her arm, and by a tremendous effort succeeded in reaching the boat with them. It being then half filled with water, the lady was quite insensible when rescued. The boat was afterwards rowed into Ramsgate. A subscription has been set on foot for the boat's crew as a reward for their gallant conduct.



GENERAL TROCHU REVIEWING THE GARDES NATIONALES IN THE CAMP OF ST. MAUR, PARIS - (SEE PAGE 105)



D. PARTURE OF BAVARIAN LANDWEHR MEN FROM MUNICH — (SEE PAGE 158)

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

If a man with an idea in his head can get a good pulpit or speaking-trumpet for it, it does not so much matter whether the idea is true or not; it is sure to get currency and to be repeated in a hundred places, and probably to meet with an easy reception by the public, or a large portion of it. In a leading monthly magazine we were told a short time ago that all the usual talk about national characteristics was nonsense; and this idea has repeatedly arisen in the criticisms passed by the press upon the Franco-Prussian war. Yet the old-fashioned notion is the true one—as, indeed, it was likely to be, considering the nature of the topic. National characteristics are easily observed and classified, if you only take time enough and avoid generalising upon too small a number of instances. And the fact is that the characteristics conventionally attributed to the French and Germans, taking each as a body, have been most strongly illustrated during the whole of this struggle.

The old idea that the French soldier is distinguished by *élan* or dash has been particularly ridiculed of late. We have been called upon to take notice that the *élan* has been all on the side of the Germans. But this is founded on a misconception. It so happens that the French were slow to begin, and thus gave the Prussians time to hit them hard over and over again before they had struck a single blow; but the original delay was not for want of *élan*, but for want of men, food, and munitions. Upon what is this *élan* founded? Upon an essentially sanguine, impatient temperament, which makes a man believe in himself, and think little of his enemy. Surely, the French showed this quality in a sufficiently high degree, first in declaring war "with a light heart," as M. Ollivier so unluckily put it, since he will now go down to posterity as the Minister à *cœur léger*; and then, in their insensate, almost incredible, want of apprehensiveness in opening it. It will to the end of history remain a wonder that it never seems to have crossed the mind of a single Frenchman, responsible or irresponsible—Emperor, General, Minister, or journalist—that the Germans might possibly hit first. They knew what Bismarck was; they knew what Von Moltke was; and yet the army went and sat down on the frontier—à *cœur léger*—in admirable attitude for making an attack (if they had been well prepared to begin), but without a single provision for the possibility that the enemy might not wait to be attacked. Thus the buoyancy and self-confidence—the "*cœur léger*," in fact—out of which springs the *élan* was their ruin.

On the other hand, it nowhere appears that *élan* has been the characteristic of the Germans. They have shown all the usual characteristics of that nation when once angered. Rapid concentration, not by running or leaping efforts, but by indefatigable activity; hot energy, reminding one for the thousandth time of Mr. Carlyle's description of the "steady anthracite glow" of the German wrath, when once aroused; and almost stolid hard hitting—"pegging away," as Abraham Lincoln, or "pounding away," as the Duke of Wellington called it, till a fixed point has been gained. In point of mere bravery, there is nothing to choose between Frenchman, German, and Englishman; but the *élan* is still on the side of the French, and the concentration and accuracy on that of the Germans. The *Times*' correspondent wrote of the fighting at Vionville:—"The French seemed to serve their guns far quicker than the Prussians, but with less result; and I saw on one occasion a French battery engage a Prussian, which, although it fired seven shots before the others did three, the three completely disabled the French battery, whose shot had been going over them all the time. spoke to an officer of artillery on the subject late in the day, and he completely confirmed me." Nor can anyone well forget that conversation between a Frenchman and a Prussian, in which the former said that his comrades had ceased firing because they had, like himself, fired away all their cartridges. "How many did you take into battle?" asked the Prussian. "Sixty-five," said the Frenchman. "And I," replied the Prussian, "had only sixty when I went into action, and I have forty odd left; but I took aim every time I fired."

It is impossible here to exhaust the subject; but if the careless, impromptu character of the French movements and preparations stands, as it does, in startling contrast with

the studiously prearranged and guarded manner in which the Germans have all along proceeded, it is impossible not to wonder, in the next place, at the conscientious thoroughness with which all the German work appears to have been done. In all their stupendous preparations, not a single breakdown. The only mistake, even, that has come out is the odd one through which the bridge at Kehl got blown up; and that was from the excess of precaution which duplicated a telegram. On the whole, it is the "*élan*" of our unhappy neighbours which has led them into this quagmire, and it seems likely to lead them into others before they have done. All liberal Europe sympathises with free France in this hour of her awakening; but the fact that Paris has decreed the Republic does not make her invincible in the face of a column of Germans a hundred and fifty miles long, with Bismarck, Moltke, and Blumenthal to guide it; and the dogged will of the King and the enraged Germans at its back.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES are expected to repeat their visit to Dunrobin in a few days, and to stay some weeks in the north, as guests of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL landed at Dover, from the Ostend mail-boat, at 1.30 p.m. on Tuesday, and proceeded without delay by the South-Eastern Railway to Hastings, which he reached at 5.30 p.m. The youthful exile has taken up his quarters at the Royal Marine Hotel.

PRINCESS CLOTILDE, who was the only respectable member of the Imperial family, kept her word of sticking to the Empress to the last. She remained in the Palais Royal up to three o'clock on Monday, when she set out to join her husband and children in Italy.

PRINCESS MATHILDE has been arrested at Depepe, at the house of the dramatist, M. Dumas fils. A large number of boxes filled with objects of art and valuables had been sequestered.

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Chartres left Brussels, on Monday, for Paris to offer their swords to the French Republic.

MR. GLADSTONE arrived in London on Wednesday evening from Walmer Castle. Earl Granville has also returned to town.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER is to receive the Garter which was placed at Mr. Gladstone's disposal through the dath of Lord Clarendon. The Garter placed at the Prime Minister's gift, in consequence of the death of the Marquis of Hertford, still remains to be disposed of.

MR. CHILDERS, who has been at the Admiralty (except for a short time) since the prorogation, has left town, his medical advisers having ordered entire rest from work for three or four weeks.

THE DUC DE GRAMONT, whose memorable declaration in the Corps Législatif, on July 6, has now passed into history, was on Monday one of the passengers by mail-train from Dover to London.

PROFESSOR JOWETT has been elected to the Mastership of Balliol College, Oxford, in the room of Dr. Scott, now Dean of Rochester.

THE HON. GEORGE CHARLES BRODERICK, who contested Woodstock at the last general election in the Liberal interest, has declined to come forward in the same interest for the vacancy in Mid-Surrey. Sir Richard Baginbally, the Conservative candidate, has begun an active canvass.

COUNT DE NIEUWERKERKE is under arrest until the safety of the national pictures, for which he is responsible, shall be ascertained. One of his subordinates, a nephew of the Arago, is dismissed, as being an Imperialist.

MR. JOHN BYRNE, JUN., has been elected secretary of the Newspaper Press Fund. There were a hundred applicants for the post.

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA, we regret to say, has been made a widow by the unhappy war. Her husband, the Baron von Rabden, has expired from a wound received in the battle of Gravelotte.

ROBERT MITCHELL AND PAUL DE CASSAGNAC were both made prisoners at Sedan.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA was seized a few days since as a Prussian spy in Paris, imprisoned, and subjected to severe ill-treatment, from which, however, he is now recovering.

BARON VON DIERGARDT, of Bonn, who recently presented £10,000 to the German Hospital in London, has just made an equally munificent contribution to the German Hospital in New York.

ALTERATIONS have already been made in the street nomenclature of Paris. The Rue Dix Décembre is now called the Rue Quatre Septembre, and the Avenue de l'Empereur the Rue Victor Noir.

COUNT LAGRANGE'S SPORTING STUD was disposed of, on Monday, at Tattersalls. The stud consisted of thirty-nine horses, and every lot was sold, the whole realising 22,630 gs., or an average of a little over 580 gs. Gladiateur was bought by Mr. Blenkiron for the high price of 5800 gs.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE has made its appearance in the neighbourhood of Trèves and Coblenz, and also in the Bavarian Palatinate. It seems that the disease was brought by cattle forwarded from Austria for the German armies.

THE CIVIL LIST OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON was paid monthly, and in advance. He received in cash £1,000,000 a year, and in rents £200,000. Prince Napoleon and his sister received £50,000; making a total of £1,250,000. The Senate which has just been abolished cost nearly £200,000.

THE NATIONAL RECEIPTS from April 1 to Sept. 3 were £25,350,571, or more than £3,000,000 short of the amount received in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure has been £28,680,712. The balance in the Bank of England on Saturday last was £2,636,370.

THREE CANDIDATES are in the field for Shrewsbury. Mr. Cotes, the son of a former member for the county, commenced his canvass last Saturday as a Liberal; and in the evening Mr. Straight, barrister, and a former candidate for the borough, addressed the electors at considerable length as a candidate in the Conservative interest. Mr. Commissioner Kerr is also in the field as a Liberal.

AGENTS OF THE EX-EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. are stated to be in treaty for the purchase of Brasted Park, Kent, some two miles from Sevenoaks and eight from Tunbridge Wells, which is supposed to possess a special cure for the malady under which the deposed monarch suffers. Louis Napoleon occupied the mansion for the two years immediately preceding his attempt upon Boulogne, for which he suffered imprisonment at Ham.

A GREAT FIRE has broken out in Sam-Sun, in Turkey, in which 2500 houses were destroyed, and six native churches. Fires have also broken out in one or two places in Macedonia. It is usually understood that fires in Turkey have a political object, but there is not as yet any attempt to connect these fires with any source of dissatisfaction against the Turkish Government.

MR. P. H. MUNTZ, one of the members for Birmingham, referring to the statement of Count Palikao in the Corps Législatif that 40,000 rifles had been sent from this country, and that others were being contracted for, says that he has made inquiries, and cannot hear that any rifles have been exported to France; certainly there have been none sent from Birmingham.

A CENTENARIAN—who claimed to have acted the part of an "insurgent chief" during the Irish rebellion of '98—died, last week, in Carlow workhouse. The deceased, named Lawless, is said to have reached the age of 109 years. Three or four years ago he was taken out of the workhouse by some admiring Nationalists; but they soon tired of supporting him, and he returned to the house to end his days as a pauper.

THE NUMBER OF SONGS, either of a warlike or a patriotic nature, which have been published in various German newspapers since the outbreak of the war numbered, according to official accounts, up to Aug. 22, 634. The first of them appeared on July 16, and 481 owe their origin to the North German Confederation, while 143 have been written by people of the South German States. A collection of all these songs is in progress, and the work will be sold for the benefit of patriotic aid societies.

A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF FRENCH REPUBLICAN EXILES IN LONDON, taking advantage of the political amnesty proclaimed by the new Republican Government in France, have left for Paris, on Tuesday, by the South-Eastern Railway. Among those who are returning are, it is stated, Felix Pyat, Talabard, Tibaldi, and Flourens. The enthusiasm of the French exiles at the proclamation of the Republic and the amnesty is very great, and all whose circumstances will allow them to leave London are preparing to do so as soon as possible.

A CURIOUS LETTER appears in the German papers, written by a Danish merchant in Copenhagen, whose name we charitably suppress, and addressed to a German firm, in which the embittered Dane says that, should there be any truth in the report of the defeat of the French by the Germans, he countermands an order for German goods previously given; because, in that case, he would never again deal in that kind of wares. But, on the other hand, should King William, Bismarck, and the whole Prussian army be cut to pieces, the order might be executed at once. The names and addresses of both parties are given. What a way to get one's name into history!

THE LOUNGER.

LAST Saturday evening, at 7.30, I got the *Daily News* of that morning. It was the first edition, and there was nothing at all about the surrender of the Emperor; but, somehow—I know not exactly how—a rumour had reached Keswick that he had rendered. This was thought to be too wonderful to be true, and I treated it as a mere canard, and dismissed it from my thoughts. But, on Sunday morning, the third edition of the *Times* came by post; and on opening it the first thing that met my eye was astonishing intelligence, evidently authentic, that the Emperor at Sedan had capitulated and that the Emperor had rendered. My first feeling was not one of triumph, nor, indeed, of pity for the Emperor, but of hope that this event would end the war; and reflection has since brightened this hope into confidence. There may be more fighting, but I cannot think there will be much. "Fighting to the death," "reaching the last man," are mere phrases. No doubt France has still men enough, but they cannot be transmuted into soldiers, nor, indeed, be armed in time to resist the triumphant German armies. Besides, there are already symptoms of a desire for peace on both sides. I suppose the report of a conversation between the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Count Bismarck is authentic, and if it be there ought to be no difficulty in the way. The demands of Prussia as there set forth are astonishingly moderate, and such as France surely may accept without degradation. I shall look anxiously in the papers every morning for an announcement of a truce preparatory to a treaty of peace.

And now I will give my readers a piece of information which has come to me. Do they know what and who the uhlands whom I figured conspicuously in this war are? I suspect not. Until lately myself did not know, and had no means here of learning. I had some dim recollection of having read about them in Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great" and other books, but could not recall anything definite about them to my mind; and so I wrote to an accomplished German friend of mine who I knew could give me the information required. I have just got a letter from him; and, believing that at least some of my readers are as ignorant and as anxious to know as I was, I will extract his account of this famous body of cavalry. "You are anxious," he says, "to know all about the uhlands, or, as they should be called, ulans. The word is said to be of Tartar origin, meaning 'brave.' The kingdom of Poland was the first to organize ulans, and thence they were transferred to Prussia by Carlyle's hero, 'Old Fritz,' and soon after a corps was formed in Austria. The dress and armament differ little from the English lancer. Their deeds of prowess in France are owing mainly to their being, like the rest of German soldiers, educated men, and not mere 'food for powder.' The men are even a trifle superior, intellectually, to the bulk of the German troops. They carry maps of France in their pouches, and are thoroughly up in geography; while many of them—the officers without exception—speak French fluently. Contrast this with the fact of a French General having insisted on the outbreak of the war, in a Paris drawing-room, that Berlin was on the Rhine, and wonder not why four ulans took possession, before a month, of the good old town of Nancy, capital of Lorraine—I ought to say Lothringen (German name for Lorraine)." The writer of this (he will excuse me for naming him; I do it because his name will authenticate this interesting account of these uhlands) is Mr. Frederick Martin, the compiler of the *Statesman's Year Book*. By-the-way, no book has been so useful to me during this war as this, and I have observed that other journalists have found it useful. In almost every paper which I have had to read, from the *Times* downwards, I have seen information which I know could have been got only from the *Statesman's Year Book*. Seven years ago, when the first volume appeared, I called attention to it; and year by year my sense of its value has deepened. Since the war broke out, scarcely a day has passed in which I have not had to consult it, and I have never found it fail me. In truth, this is almost the only book of reference which I possess which is entirely trustworthy—and I have not a few. I have more than once growled in your columns over these books; allow me another growl. The other day I wanted to know the name of a prominent official on the Midland Railway. I turned at once to the Royal Calendar; but, to my surprise, I discovered that the Midland is not mentioned there. I will tell you how this happened. The Royal Calendar gives us only the officials of railways whose termini are in London. Until lately the Midland had no terminus in London; but it has now, and has had for about two years. Still its name is not to be found in the Royal Calendar. Again, a few weeks back I wanted to know something about Oliver St. John, Oliver Cromwell's celebrated law officer. I turned to "Knight's Cyclopædia"; but his name is not to be found in that pretentious work. I then consulted a more compendious work, just out; even that failed me. But here is a more flagrant example. Seeing in a bookseller's window, just before I left London, Maunders's "Treasury of History," brought down to 1870, and remembering that this book is published by the great house of Longmans, I bought it, thinking that during this war I might want to refresh my memory with the facts of the modern history of Germany, France, &c. Alas! I discovered that the book is not honestly brought down to 1870. There is some show of bringing it down in some cases by inserting pages with stars. But history cannot be satisfactorily continued in that fashion; and even in this imperfect way the history of some countries is not brought down. For example, in 1869, the Irish Church was abolished; yet there is no mention made in the book of this important fact, either in the history of Ireland or that of England. In short, the book, as far as I have consulted it, gives us nothing about events of 1869, albeit the date on the title is 1870. Now, by way of contrast, let us turn at random to the article "Prussia" in the *Statesman's Year Book*, 1870. The finance statement is down to 1869; and at the end of it we have this stamp of authenticity—"Report of the Royal Government to the *Statesman's Year-Book*." We have also the strength of the Prussian army and navy in 1869.

It is not seemly, neither is it pleasant to me, to bear hard upon a fallen man; and yet I cannot help thinking that a good deal of mawkish trash has been written within the last few days about the ex-Emperor Louis Napoleon. Wherein this Caesar was worthy, let him have praise; but wherein he was blameworthy, let him be condemned. While we set down naught in malice, let us also be careful not so to extenuate the faults of Napoleon III. as to encourage other men to imitate his conduct. He has run a most wonderful career, a career full of vicissitudes and changes of fortune. The "Babe of the West," as he may well be called, he has endured much, done much, climbed high and fallen low; he has sinned deeply, and has now to suffer as deep retribution. A youth of obscure privation; an early manhood of shiftiness and rash, Quixotic adventure; a meridian of pomp, power, splendour; and an old age attended by reverses, humiliation, misfortune, and—well, no, I hope not execration. Such has been the career run by the remarkable man who has just exchanged the sceptre of France for captivity in a German palace, which, palace though it be, is yet but a luxurious prison-house. With his private life and personal attributes the world has nothing to do, but of his public political deeds we are all entitled to judge; and what I protest against is, that personal merits should be invoked in excuse for public crimes. The ex-Emperor has wrought much evil upon France, and wrought it, as I think, in furtherance of purely selfish purposes. By denying free political action to Frenchmen, he has to a large extent crushed out intellectual vigour and gravely damaged patriotic sentiment and public morality in France, for where political freedom does not exist those high qualities are sure to languish. What a barren wilderness is the mental history of France during the last twenty years! Not a single man of pre-eminence in mind in any department whatever has arisen to grace the Second Empire. All is one dead level of mediocrity, frivolity, and shallowness, if specious, glitter. Some men of distinction have lived in this second Napoleonic era; but they really belonged to antecedent time, and merely projected their light into it; they were in it, though not of it. The Second Empire has no intellectual illumination of its own to

boast of, or to relieve the darkness of political emasculation and social decadence. Were there nothing else in Louis Napoleon's career to condemn him, this murdering of the mind and energy of France would be condemnation enough for him and his system. He has now passed from the stage; France is once more mistress of herself; and how great is the sense of relief felt is proved by the fact that she is delirious with joy, notwithstanding the grave calamities she is enduring and the terribly difficult position in which she is placed.

Perhaps no better test could be found of the soundness of a nation's sentiment than the character of its press; and in this respect the journalism of France is eloquent as to the demoralisation wrought by Caesarism on the people. I made some remarks on this subject last week, and may, perhaps, be permitted to supplement these by a few specimens of what French journalists deem suitable language to hold in a crisis like that through which their country is now passing. To begin with, the *Paris Figaro* proposes a subscription to reward the man who shall murder the German General commanding the troops round Strasbourg. Are we to understand from this that the once chivalrous people of France have sunk into a nation of assassins? *Figaro* also published an article the other day entitled "The Wolves," in which it declares that it is neither for love of power nor pride of conquest that the invaders have entered France. No love of German unity has impelled them in their advance. "It is hunger; it is want." Living like brutes, "in a God-forsaken country, without arts, intelligence, or industry, they rush on, like famished wolves, to prey on France for the food and the necessities of life which are denied them at Berlin." Just imagine, if you can, what must be the crass ignorance of the men who fancy that the Germans, one of the most industrious (and, so far as Prussia is concerned, the best educated) peoples in the world, who have produced some of the most gifted poets, the most profound thinkers, and the most eminent artists, are "without arts, intelligence, or industry!" But France, adds *Figaro*, which has hitherto allowed them to advance with impunity, will awake and scatter these voracious vermin to the winds. This was but a few days ago; but even after that fatal 1st of September the press of Paris went on in its wonted course, pursuing the policy of making things pleasant to the Parisians, and in "breaking the bad news" by the most transparent falsehoods. Thus the *Patrie* declared that the King of Prussia's telegrams of victory, which had reached Paris through English sources, were inventions; that the Prussians had been repulsed before Sedan, and that M. Mahon was victorious. "The ultimate issue," it asserted, "cannot be doubtful, as France has men and money, while Prussia has expended her stock of both." The *Liberté* "sees no cause for despondency in what has happened." The *Opinion Nationale* boldly says that "affairs are improving. The news from the army is really good, and throughout the country all minds have regained calmness and composure." As for the *Figaro*, "it learns from excellent sources that on Sept. 1, Marshal M. Mahon, having been reinforced by General Vinoy, had attacked and completely defeated the Prussian army, taking forty guns and many prisoners. Marshal Bazaine had made a sortie and marched towards"—the place, no doubt for strategic reasons, is left blank by your veracious contemporary, but we all know that the unhappy Marshal had only to march back again. The climax of all this absurdity is reached when the *Figaro* concludes by saying, "In fact, if our information be correct, the term 'massacre' would not be too exaggerated a term to apply to the fate of the German army." Is it possible to conceive anything more untruthful, and at the same time more misleading to the public, than these statements of the Paris press of last Saturday, when pretending to afford information on the state of the army to their readers in the French metropolis? Truly, a people must be in bad moral case indeed when its newspapers can venture with impunity—nay, with applause—upon such absurdities as these. But there are other features of popular opinion in France, as reflected in its journals, still more extraordinary and objectionable. Frenchmen, at all events French journalists, seem to fancy that there is one law for them and another for the rest of the world; that they may do things which Germans, for instance, must not dream of. They may invade their neighbours' territory and lust after their neighbours' goods; but no one, on any provocation whatever, must touch their soil or covet aught that is theirs. They talk much of the "sacred soil" of France, but seem to forget that the soil of Germany is sacred too in German eyes. The French meant to invade Germany—that was a slight matter; but for Germans to invade France is a crime of the deepest dye. France proclaimed her intention to seize a portion of German territory, but looks upon a cession of French territory as iniquitous. France, had she been able to carry out her programme of marching to Berlin, would no doubt now, as she did a fortnight ago, have made military requisitions by the way; but denounces like conduct in the Germans as robbery. France claims a right to inaugurate a system of guerrilla warfare—to make the contest a war of assassination, or something very like it, on her side—but declares that any attempt at retaliation would be murder. In short, France may do things which other people must not; she may steal as many horses as she pleases, but Germany must not even look over the hedge. Not a very marked indication, this, of the boasted logical character of the Gallic mind; but surely in these and in other matters Frenchmen are not quite so bad as their journalists would have us suppose. If these evil propensities be the product of Imperialism, let us hope that with Imperialism they too will disappear.

By-the-by, I am requested to state that the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society will hold meetings, on Tuesday next, at Monken Hadley, Barnet, and South Mims, when papers on local history, topography, &c., will be read. The session will commence at the School, Hadley, at 11.30 a.m.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

In the *Cornhill* there can be little if any hesitation in fixing the authorship of "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" upon the right man, and none at all in welcoming back to original production in this form a writer of such fine and peculiar genius. He has a wonderful insight into the byplay of a boy's memory; and there can be no question about the power of this opening of a story. I have often noticed in this column the accuracy, so to speak, with which the *Cornhill* is always up to time in producing vigorous articles apropos of current public questions. The admirable little story, "Reminiscences of a Zouave," is a startling case in point. In the form of a mere episode of the conscription, it actually passes in review—and with keen sarcasm and humour, too—the true meaning of what is, in fact, the first title of the article, "L'Empire c'est la Paix." The "Cynic"—his last appearance—on "Literary Exhaustion," is careful and thoughtful, and says some very true things. But he has not caught the true significance of the modern essay—at least, he does not show that he has. It is not at all an institution parallel with any performance of Addison or Charles Lamb, but something as different as Niebuhr is from Hume. There is in the present number a good paper about "Little Paupers."

Macmillan also comes out strong on war topics; but it is in a direct shape. The sketch about "The Mitrailleuse" tells everybody only what everybody knew long ago; but "The Duel of the Nations" and "The Defences of England" are very different affairs, and are well worth reading, whatever you may think of them afterwards. Mr. R. H. Horne, under the title of "Portraits and Memoirs," contributes some pleasant reminiscences of Leigh Hunt, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, and others. But they ought to be more interesting still; for such horses, and such a horse, the running is poor. By-the-by, I wonder if Mr. Horne remembers printing the following verses, dated January, 1852:—

TE DEUM.
Being the real Prayer of the President on his Pri-Dieu, at the late Installation.

By R. H. HORNE.

O God of Bayonets, all my own,
I thank thee on this day,
When Notre Dame, with priest and psalm,
My glory doth display!

I thank my generals, prefects, tools,
For deeds of skill and note;
For barricades and massacres,
And for my people's vote.

I thank the priesthood for their aid,
And will remember them;
I thank the friends of "order"—trade—
I thank the press—(ahem!)

I thank Baroche, for his good speech—
My mission's own suggestion—
Though dishes, cooked with forced-meat balls,
Require a strong digestion.

But, most of all, I thank myself,
And my people will—
And I, in, and hypocrisies,
That shall direct me still.

Wherefore, O God of Bayonets,
Grant me my Uncle's favour;
And Thou shalt soon invade a land,
And sack a wealthy town!

As for the other Power, it rests
In my gilt pri-Dieu here:
The show takes well—but thou, O Lord,
Canst neither see nor hear!

These lines were published in the *Leader*, then "in its high and its palmy days" (to quote Mr. Vincent Crummies on the drama); and in the same journal appeared a poem by Mr. Tennyson's brother, addressed to Eugénie, newly made Empress. It charged her with being the ambitious accomplice of a blood-stained traitor, told her that the exiles "upon Cayenne's infected strand" had "yet a happier lot than" hers; and closed thus:—

One chance remains to clear thy name,
Spurred by the good, the true, the free;
When comes the tyrant's hour of shame,
Live, and be still his Eugénie.

It may be a slanderous suspicion, but I have for some time fancied there was an estrangement lately between the poor "tyrant" and "his Eugénie." Professor Seeley's most prominent points in his present paper on "The English Revolution of the Nineteenth Century" are, first, that in this country "public opinion gained organisation in the interval between 1770 and 1829;" and, secondly, that the "Conservative surrender" was practically begun in 1829, when Catholic Emancipation was yielded to an organised popular demand.

The *Food Journal* continues to be interesting. Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier writes an able and terse little article on the uses of gelatin. Because no animal can live on gelatin only, we have been too apt to underrate its nutritive qualities.

The *English Mechanic and Mirror of Science* is entertaining even to unmechanical people, and its own proper public must find it highly valuable.

The *Manchester National Society for Women's Suffrage Journal* (what a title!), in attempting to make out its case, refutes itself. "Human beings," it says, "are only secure from evil at the hands of others, as they have the power of being, and are, self-protecting." Now, in the sense in which these words are here used, women never can be self-protecting. Nature, which has made them dependent upon the strength of men for protection in the last resort, has also, however, taken care, by other arrangements, that they shall not be oppressed beyond a certain point anywhere, and that, in proportion as both men and women improve, they shall (like children and the weak in general) be treated with more and more justice and consideration. It is astonishing that women do not see that this very sentence shuts them up. "Why," asks this magazine, "should women demand the franchise?" and the answer given is, "Because women, no less than men, must obey the laws." Well, this is a very good reason for the opinions of women having political weight; but it is a plain reason against their governing. Nor can, nor did ever, any woman rule, except by a fiction of the State. What is it that gives the laws force? "Oh!" says some one, "public opinion." True; but what does "the force of public opinion" mean in the end? It means just this—that, if any minority should break the law and defy the policeman, there is behind the policeman the soldier, and behind both of these an opinion which is ready to express itself in the physical force of the majority of men if necessary. In discussion upon an adverse paper read by Mr. J. McGrigor Allan at our Debating Society, Miss Emily Faithfull triumphantly asked if it was the physical force of all sorts of men that governed in this country. Yes, Madam, it is. It is not what suggests or directs, but it is what compels, and, in the last resort, it is government. The reason Mr. Gladstone is now Premier is that, in case of need, the male population of this country would support him with their fists, their truncheons, and their rifles. Do, ladies, read this sentence again:—"Human beings are only secure from evil at the hands of others, as they have the power of being, and are, self-protecting." You have quoted this dictum as the charter of your political freedom when it is on the face of it the charter of your political helplessness. Political government is a process by which physical force is organised in support of the opinions and feelings of the majority against the opinions and feelings of the minority. Constitutional political government is a process by which the pressure of this force on the minority is minimised. Taking votes at an election is a process by which it is sought to ascertain what amount of physical force would, in case of a collision, be found ready to support different political methods.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Those who read the Manchester reports of Mr. Tom Taylor's new comedy-drama must have been pretty well convinced that there was not much in it. The provincial press helped the lame dog over the stile as well as it could, but the first perusal of the plot of "Handsome Is That Handsome Does" surely told those who knew anything about such matters that the play was hopeless. The *OLYMPIC* verdict pretty nearly endorsed that of the *PRINCE'S THEATRE*, Manchester. I doubt very much whether the play was originally written for Mr. Compton. A better instance of the square peg in the round hole could scarcely be found. Instead of a chivalrous, manly, open-hearted countryman, the kind of man who does win woman's love, though he has turned forty, the yeoman who is beloved by the villagers—the Hampden of the hamlet, in fact—we get Mr. Compton with Mr. Compton's well-known dry fun, and Mr. Compton evidently endeavouring to take pains for once in his life. But the idea of associating an actor of Mr. Compton's peculiar temperament with love-making, lady-killing, chivalry, or enthusiasm, is of course quite out of the question. Mr. Compton is a capital actor of small parts—particularly of small Shakespearean parts—but he is not a Regnier. Mr. Taylor has, as usual, forgotten altogether the moral side of his hero's character. I suppose Joshua Gawthwaite is supposed to be the hero of the new play; but what a contemptible fellow, from a moral point of view, is Joshua Gawthwaite! I am asked to admire a man who is a bully and a coward—a fellow who thinks he is justified in rummaging in his lady-love's basket and reading her private correspondence! Mr. Taylor evidently wishes the sympathies of the audience to rest with the village schoolmaster, and not with the aristocratic undergraduate who falls in love with Elsie Fleming. But the sympathies are all the other way. Partly from Mr. Compton's manner, and partly from Mr. Taylor's mistake, Joshua Gawthwaite looks a sulky, ill-conditioned, dishonest boor by the side of the frank and manly lad who is persecuted by him. There is only one word for the plot, and that is—trumpery. I fear Mr. Taylor must have written himself out, or he would not

have patched up so lame a tale with such penny-journal incidents as "sympathetic ink," "the wrestling-match," and the absurd thunderbolt sensation, which is about as childish in its way as the finale to that wonderful drama produced at the Gobe a few months back, called "Philomel." Mr. Tom Taylor ought to know better, and surely he knows the stage and English audiences well enough to be persuaded that such carpenter scenes and such undergraduates as he has introduced are certain to provoke hisses. Characters are not sketched by the wearisome repetition of "awfully bad form," or by making an unfortunate young fellow dash frantically about the stage as if catching butterflies. I pitied the "physicist" and the "swell" with all my heart, because the author put them in an utterly ridiculous light. The acting all round was worthy of a better play. The old hands never did so well, and the young hands showed marked improvement. Mr. George Belmore, who was hampered with a dialect which irritated the audience at every turn, shone clearly out from the rest. It was a fine performance, that of the old Westmorland farmer; and a speech which seemed the echo of Tennyson's well-known poem was fairly delivered. Better acting than this it would be difficult to find on our stage. Mr. David Fisher played an old Conservative Peer with tact and in excellent taste. I can hardly believe that the Steerforth of yesterday was the Harry Cleveland of to-day. I thought Mr. Charles Warner's Steerforth was detestable; but his acting as the young lover in this play was altogether a different thing. He is easy, and does not under-act—the besetting sin of most of our promising young men. I noticed particularly how well Mr. Warner had studied his business; and when he came down, not his action but his enthusiastic style of speaking, he will do very well. I notice that one critic has hit upon Miss Mattie Reinhardt's principal fault. She is an excellent actress. She always looks well. She is evidently industrious, and is always improving; but she points her speeches too much. When she gets hold of a moral sentiment, she appears to pull herself together, and let the gallery have it hot and strong. This is a little defect which is easily rectified. What a charming Maggie Tulliver Miss Reinhardt would be!—and that reminds me that "The Mill on the Floss" might well be adopted for the *Olympic*. You would have both poetry and scenic effect. Miss Maria B. Jones is a welcome addition to the London stage; and if she can get rid of a little superfluous "gush" she will, I expect, be very popular. I see this lady has already been told how out of place are her extravagant dresses, and in these remarks I cordially concur. I am rejoiced, of course, that Miss Jones has such a lovely wardrobe; but I should have preferred waiting to see the rich dresses until they were wanted. The management in the way of scenery, &c., has done everything the author could have wished. Paintings by Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Hawes Craven, and Keswick wrestlers specially engaged, ought to delight Mr. Tom Taylor's heart.

At the *Gaiety* I have again been taken back to my pinafore days. Dibdin's "Quaker" has been revived, and the old music is charmingly sung. That sweetest of old ballads, "I looked up all my treasure, I journey'd many a mile," the famous "When the lads of the village," and "Women are will-o'-the-wisps," were all given, and the contrast which is thus afforded between the light opera of 1777 and 1870 is as useful as it is judicious. "Cherry ripe," "Why are you wandering here, I pray" (which must surely be much later than the date of the "Quaker"), and the gleeful "Here's a health to all good lasses," were all introduced, and help to freshen up the very mildest of plots. Another excellent voice—it belongs to Miss Annie Goodall—has been added to the *Gaiety* vocal staff. A richer and purer tone is seldom heard.

Mr. Falconer is about to open the *LYCEUM* with a drama recently produced in America, called "Inisfallen; or, The Men in the Gap." I shall, of course, have something to say next week about important novelties at the *PRINCESS'S*, *ROYALTY*, and *STRAND*. At the latter theatre a comedy by Mr. Arthur Sketchley is in rehearsal.

A "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT KILLED.—Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, in a letter dated Donchery, Sept. 3, announces the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher P. Pemberton, late of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who was shot at the battle of Sedan:—"As I am writing this there comes news which I hope is not true. It is the loss of a friend, of one who eagerly pressed to be employed in your service, and who has in that service lost his life in the field. I can scarcely proceed. Perhaps before these lines reach you the telegraph will have broken the intelligence to those to whom the blow will be terrible. My last words to him were to warn him that he was not to seek danger, and that in the capacity in which he was then engaged it was his bounden duty not to run risks. It is now five o'clock; and Colonel Walker, in reply to an inquiry, caused by a rumour I had heard, has written to say that the Crown Prince of Saxony informed him the *Times*' correspondent, Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, was killed by his side during the battle by a bullet. I am so shocked and grieved, as will also be as many friends as a young man ever had when they hear it, by this news, that only a sense of duty impels me to continue my narrative. Had he fallen for his country in battle it would have been some consolation to those he has left to mourn his fate. Cheerful, witty, full of life, spirit, and talent, he has met the death he, above all deaths, would have desired—a soldier's. 'Kit Pemberton dead!' Ifancy how these words will fly through many an English home. I have written to the Crown Prince of Saxony, and will try to have his resting-place properly marked, or obtain some clue to its locality. But headquarters move on to-morrow, and the place, now deserted by the army, where he fell is many miles away."

WHY THE FRENCH ARMY WAS UNPREPARED FOR WAR.—A story is current in Paris which would account for the difference between the paper and the effective force of the army, and which to a certain extent explains why the Emperor rushed into war, although he knew he was unprepared for it. Of late years his Civil List has been large enough to provide for the lavish expense of his Court, his largesse to his adherents, and the secret-service money which was required to keep up the love of Imperialism among his subjects. About two millions sterling were therefore yearly taken from the Ministry of War and handed over to him. This larceny was concealed by stores figuring in the accounts which had never been bought, and by looting the money which was paid into the military treasury by those who were drawn for the conscription to enable Government to buy substitutes. Regiments, consequently, which were nominally 2000 strong, only had an effective of 1500; the money for the substitute, and the supposed yearly cost of that substitute, were appropriated to the Civil List. When the Emperor was obliged, a few months ago, to yield to the cry for Parliamentary government, he knew that the next Legislative Assembly would contain so many Constitutionalists that, even if there were still an Imperial majority, the scandalous fraud would be brought to light. His only chance, therefore, was to wage war; a successful campaign gained might put off Parliamentary government, or, if that were impossible, the falling off in men and stores might be ascribed to the war. Marshal Leboeuf hoped that even with the small force at his command one victory might be won, and that a glorious peace would then be concluded. He and the personal adherents of the Emperor were in the secret; but they were all tarred with the same brush; and they felt that they must sink or swim with their master, and that, for them as well as for him, the only chance of impunity was in this one victory. But when the chief robs, the subordinates will rob too. The Emperor and his Minister for War found that they could not well count on the men and stores which they imagined they possessed. Food and ammunition were found to be wanting for a movement across the frontier; hence the delay to attack, and the subsequent disasters. I give this story as I have heard it from persons in a position to know what has passed "behind the curtain." What confirms it to my mind is, that many personal adherents of the Emperor who have occupied official positions, and had no private fortunes before the Empire, notoriously spent double their salaries, and are now the owners of houses, estates, and other equally solid investments.

PEASANTS' WARFARE.—Between Bar-le-Duc and Clermont I suddenly came upon two waggons full of blue-bloused French peasants, their hands tied together, guarded by a party of hussars with cocked and loaded carbines on their thighs. On asking what the prisoners had done, I learned that at a village in the neighbourhood a party of hussars, some 150 in number, passed through the streets, on reconnoitring duty, without any notice being taken of them, except the stolid stare one meets with everywhere, but that on their return, a few hours later, they found the street barricaded, and several shots were fired at them from the windows. One officer was killed and several men were wounded. The hussars surrounded the village, captured all the men in the place, and sent them to headquarters to meet the fate they most richly deserve. In front of the Maine here in Clermont is a proclamation signed by Prince Albert of Saxony, in command as Clermont, stating that it having come to his knowledge that bodies of *Francs-Tireurs* were being formed to act separately from the French troops and to butcher sentries and detached bodies of men, he therefore gives notice that orders have been issued to the troops to shoot down without mercy all persons not really forming part of the French regular army. —*Correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette."*

M. ABOUT.

EDMUND FRANÇOIS VALENTIN ABOUT, the popular French writer, who has been making so much noise of late by his letters on the war, was born at Dieuze (Meurthe), Feb. 14, 1828. He pursued his studies at the Lycée Charlemagne, won the prize of honour in 1848, and passed, in 1851, to the French School of Athens. In Greece he directed his attention to archaeological studies, and made his first appearance as an author with "La Grèce Contemporaine" (1855), a work in which modern Hellas was painted in truer colours to the general world than was acceptable to the people of Greece. It was well received, and the author had soon plenty of work on his hands. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he published a kind of autobiographical novel, "Tolla" (1855). "Les Mariages de Paris" (1856) was another grand success; and so, also, "Germaine" (1857). He shortly afterwards published a famous pamphlet, "La Question Romaine," which urged the abolition of the Pope's temporal power, and was supposed to be inspired by the Emperor. In 1860 he published two other political pamphlets, "The New Map of Europe" and "Prussia in 1860." In 1861 appeared "Les Coquins d'Agents de Change;" and in 1863 the third edition of "Le Cas de M. Guérin." Besides the above, M. About has written a number of vaudevilles and other dramatic pieces. Of M. About's merits as a reporter of, and commentator on, current events our readers will be able to judge for themselves by the specimens we have lately placed before them. We may only add that M. About began life as a Republican, then became a rabid Imperialist, and is probably now a Republican again—for a time.

GENERAL VON FALKENSTEIN.

THIS distinguished officer, on the outbreak of the war, was placed in command in Hanover and on the coast of the North Sea and the Baltic, but, his services being no longer required there, has since been sent to aid in the leaguer of Metz. He entered the service of his country, as a volunteer, in 1813. At the close of the battle of the Katzbach he received the rank of Ensign; at Montmirail, his superior being killed, he brought his battalion out of action, and was promoted to his company for this service. In 1818 he commanded a guard of honour at the council of Sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle. He shone again in the Danish campaign of 1864, and was made a General in 1865. In 1866 he received the command of the army of the Main, which victoriously entered Frankfort on July 16. It was Falkenstein who enmeshed the Hanoverian army on its way to join Bavaria, and, by his skilful dispositions, made their brave defence at Langensalza unavailing. After having obtained the capitulation of the Hanoverian army, Falkenstein marched southward against the 7th and 8th Federal Corps, including the army of Bavaria, under Prince Charles, who had the gallant Von der Tann for the chief of his staff. The Prussian army of the Main had 50,000 men, with ninety-six guns; the 7th Federal Corps, 50,000 men, with 136 guns; and the 8th Federal Corps, 49,000 men and 134 guns. Between June 14 and July 15, Falkenstein had so ably disposed of his resources that he had cleared the country as far as Frankfort of federal troops, defeating two armies, of which each was as strong as his

own, in two principal and several minor actions, and had driven his adversaries further asunder. The people of Frankfort found Falkenstein a very hard master. He knew that Prussia was not loved, and he did not spare the wealthy citizens. He suppressed newspapers, abolished the armed unions, and laid such heavy contributions upon the ancient free city that the press of Europe protested and the Burgomaster committed suicide. The state of affairs in Bohemia just then required a strong hand to deal with them, and Falkenstein was recalled and made military governor of that kingdom during the Prussian occupation.



M. EDMOND ABOUT.

WAR SKETCHES.

REVIEW OF THE GARDE MOBILE BY GENERAL TROCHU.

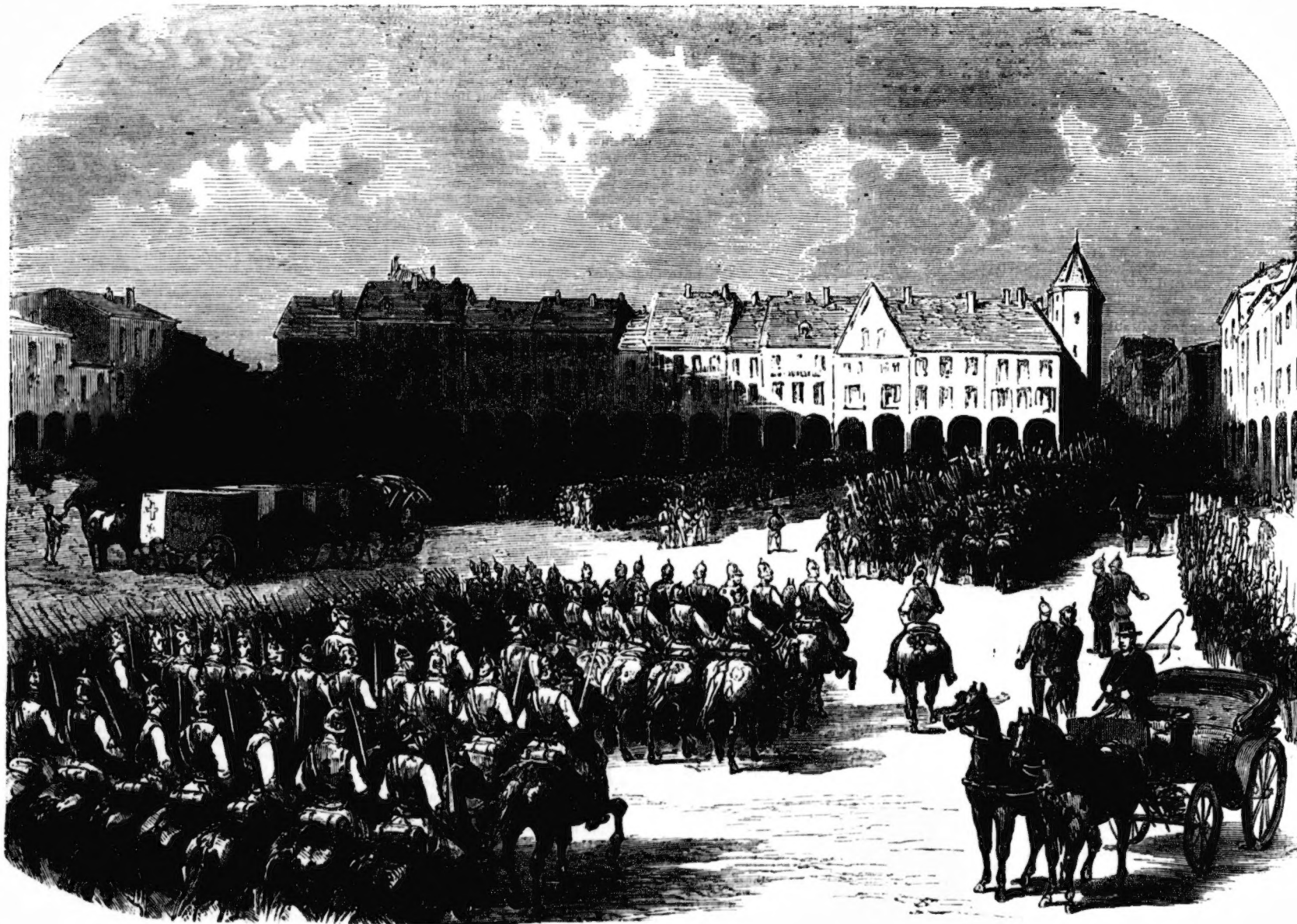
THE eighteen battalions of the Garde Mobile of Paris, who left, or were dismissed from, the camp at Châlons a short time since, are installed at St. Maur, close to the fort of Vincennes, and are living in camp on a military footing, constantly engaged in exercise, keeping regular watch and drill, and practising target-shooting. These men are, it is said, eager to test their courage and patriotism against the enemy, and declare themselves to be ready for action. It is now more than a week since the Governor of Paris passed them in review, and great events have occurred in the interval. Eighteen battalions, forming a force of 22,000 men, were ranged in line of battle on the field of the camp, between the quarters of the artillery and those of the mobiles at the back of the fort of Vincennes; and the men certainly seemed to have improved by their military life, some of them having the air of experienced soldiers. At four o'clock General Trochu, who was on horseback, accompanied by General Berthand and two staff officers, arrived at the camp, and was received with shouts and acclamations by the troops, as well as by an immense crowd assembled to witness the review. After having passed in front of each battalion, inspected the ranks, and put them through several exercises, he caused them to re-form and march past, an operation which lasted an hour and a half. After the review the General addressed the men in his usual short and emphatic style, saying, "I was impatient to see you, and now I have seen you I am satisfied. Be ready."

DEPARTURE OF BAVARIAN LANDWEHR MEN FROM MUNICH.

The scene represented in our Engraving under this title speaks for itself. Even in the absence of the title anyone would know that it was a German, not a French, painting that was in question. The absence of the least air of coquetry in the women; the open-hearted, matronly embraces that are going on; the grave solidity of the faces and figures; and a certain air of pathetic self-restraint which hangs over the whole spectacle, are unmistakable. The steam of the engine is up. Some of the young girls have finished their adieus, and are flinging flowers to their brothers or sweethearts. The last-born youngster is taking his final kiss. The old father and mother are giving a farewell blessing to their two stalwart sons; and in another half minute, or less than that, the train will have started with its living freight. How many of these citizen-soldiers will return at all, and how many of those that do come back will do so unwounded?

GERMANS IN PONT-A-MOUSSON.

Our Engraving of the Grand Place of Pont-a-Mousson, with the Germans in occupation, shows the scene presented by most French towns through which the armies pass. In the principal place of the town there is an agglomeration of troops of various arms, who make a temporary halt before proceeding on their onward march. Pont-a-Mousson, however, from having been for a time the head-quarters of King William, was occupied by the Germans in a more permanent sense than most other places, and is still a sort of rendezvous for soldiers and attendants of the army of all



GERMAN TROOPS IN THE GRAND PLACE, PONT-A-MOUSSON.

kinds. A letter just received says:—

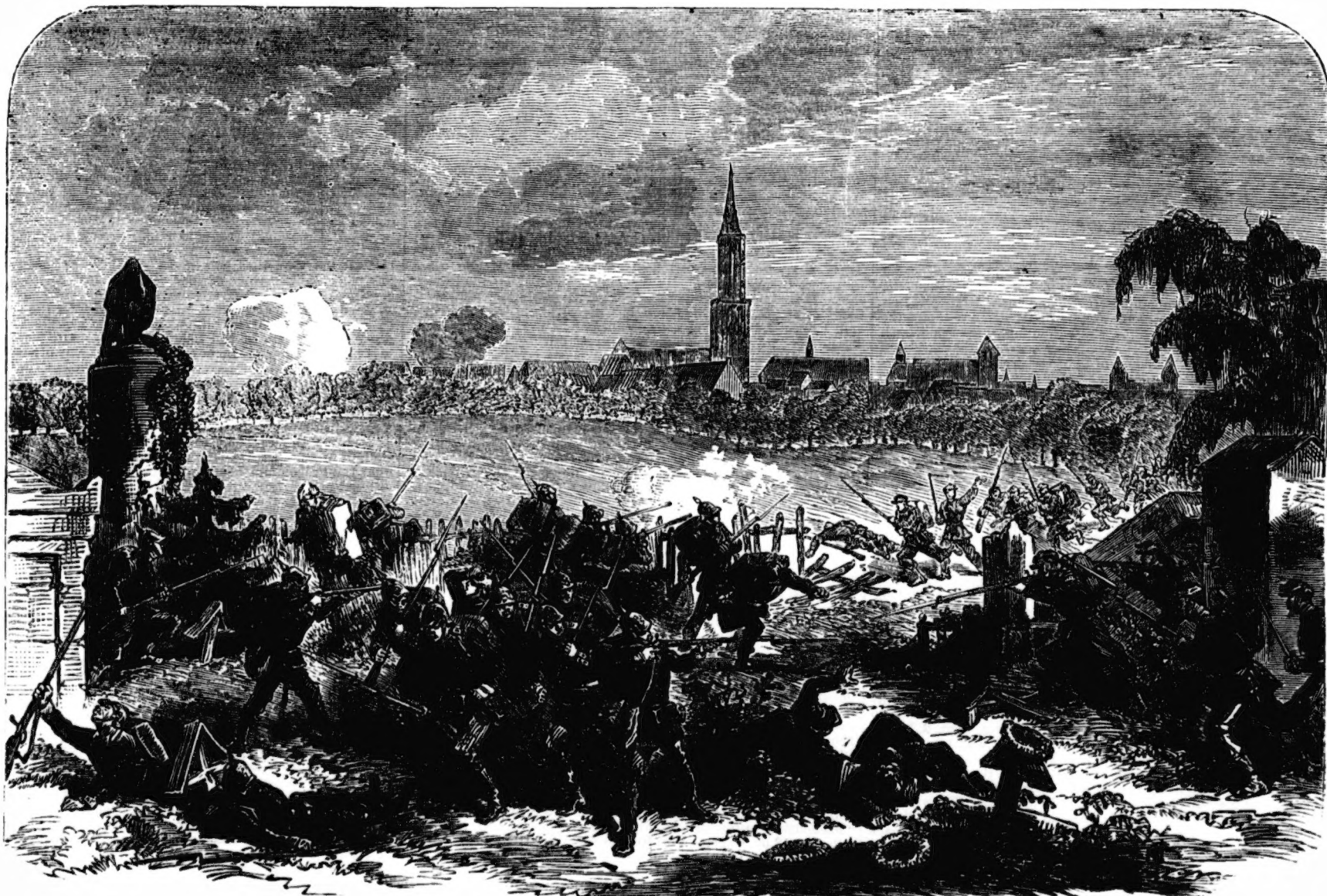
"I arrived at Pont-à-Mousson, whence I write, at about four p.m. on Aug. 26, and had the good luck to meet the Grand Duke of Oldenburg and his staff, on their way to join the 10th Army Corps before Metz. We put up at the Hôtel de France, where everything seemed to me to be a luxury. In the first place, I got a bed-room to myself; secondly, I found clean sheets on the bed, and could undress myself; and, lastly, I was asked what I should like for dinner. The question seemed to me so ludicrous that I burst out laughing, much to the astonishment of the garçon. Whilst at dinner, an arrival took place which took us somewhat by surprise—no less a personage than Madame Pauline Lucca, whose husband is an officer of the 62nd Regiment. He had been wounded, and his wife had come to look after him, lucky fellow! There are many such, unable to move from their beds of pain to the comforts and care of their homes. The weather is abominable—cold and heavy rain, the worst enemy the Prussian army has got to contend against; and, if the war is not definitely settled either one way or another, I cannot possibly see how the troops are to last against such violent exposure. Some of them have now slept for three weeks on the wet ground, in potato-fields, or under hedges. They have no blankets—nothing but their cloaks, and, up till now, some straw. The scarcity of forage, however, denies them even this luxury. Disease is beginning to make itself felt, and it is hard to think that the survivors of Spicheren, Forbach, Courcelles, Vionville, and Gravelotte, should succumb to another enemy. The Duke of Manchester, I am given to understand, astonished the inhabitants of Pont-à-Mousson, and the Prussian army in particular, by appearing here two or three days ago in his rifle uniform. I have already noticed the conduct of one officer in her Majesty's service, of the 102nd Regiment, who with his own hand killed two Frenchmen at Saarbrück, wearing the uniform of her Majesty; but I certainly scarcely expected to have to relate that one of our representative Dukes could have been guilty of so egregious a piece of folly at a time when small acts are magnified into serious circumstances."



GENERAL FOGEL VON FALKENSTEIN.

THE SIEGE OF STRASBOURG.

The chronicle of a siege during its preliminary and preparatory period is necessarily somewhat of a dull and tiresome story. *Les jours se suivent et se ressemblent.* Every now and then a little sortie or two enlivens the dullness of the trenches, or a more than usually brilliant conflagration lights up the dark mantle that night spreads over besiegers and besieged, and seems to excite both parties to an extra expenditure of deadly fire-works. Sunday night, for instance, was a particularly noisy and lurid one; for Strasbourg was burning in several places, and about a hundred and twenty guns were belching forth gleaming missiles upon the works, which, in their turn, answered furiously to the heavy attack made upon them. This sort of thing lasted from about ten p.m. to nearly four on Monday morning; and it was ascertained from prisoners taken, as well as from fugitives who have come over, that the citadel especially suffered frightfully—in fact, was knocked out of time—and that the garrison had sustained losses of considerable importance. Eleven men were captured one night lately during an outpost affair, in which the Badenese had two privates and a lieutenant wounded. The prisoners seemed glad enough to be safe out of Strasbourg, which they described as a sort of hell upon earth. In repelling another sortie one officer and fifty men of the Baden grenadiers were killed or wounded. One French officer and four chasseurs were taken prisoners. It is said that the experience of the last ten days shows that the place cannot be reduced by bombardment, the commandant having resolved to hold it strictly as a military position, and without reference to the sufferings of the inhabitants. The King of Prussia is said to have requested General Werden not to throw any more shells into the place, but to rely on his breaching-guns. The regular siege works are being pushed forward with energy. The sorties which now take place are directed against the working parties in the trenches, and are becoming frequent as the works approach completion. Upwards of 300 guns are now in position. An underground telegraph between Strasbourg and Metz has been discovered and cut. General Urich has been informed of the capitulation of the French army, and has been again called upon to surrender;



A SORTIE FROM STRASBOURG.

but no reply has been received from him. Much damage has been done to the cathedral, and burnt fragments from the library have blackened the surrounding country.

The French Ministry of the Interior publishes, under reserve, the following despatch from the Consul at Basle:—"St. Louis, Sept. 7 (Wednesday), 10 a.m.—3000 Prussians in garrison at Mutterholz received orders to march immediately upon Strasbourg, where they besieged, by a sortie, had killed 8000 or 10,000 men, and captured several cannon between Thursday and Friday. The enemy crossed on pontoons between the Porte de Juifs and Porte d'Austerlitz, and were swept down, to the last man, by the mitrailleuses at the Porte des Pocheurs. Great activity is being displayed against the Prussians by the Francs-Tireurs and armed peasants from Chalampe and Kembs. There is only a weak column of Baden troops, with two howitzers, on the right bank of the Rhine, and a detachment of 700 men at Fribourg."

THE SAXON CORPS.

Among the most distinguished of those divisions of the German army which have come prominently into notice during the war the Saxon corps have held their own. Their reputation is not one of yesterday, for it dates from the period when once before they were marching towards Paris, and Blücher added them to the legion under his command. In the present conflict they were up and doing early in the day, and the rapidity of their movements indicated the confidence which the Prussian Generals had placed in their efficiency. On July 30 they were at home, and, having been promptly organised under the flag of the Crown Prince, began at once to march with such rapidity and precision that by Aug. 8 they were in Homburg, and, making the passage of the Rhine after a circuitous journey, were in time to take a prominent part in the engagement at Gravelotte on Aug. 18. Our engraving represents this splendid corps about to make the passage of the Rhine, near Mayence, on the road to the front.

THE BATTLES OF SEDAN.

Another terrible day's fighting took place in front of Sedan on Thursday, Sept. 1, which resulted in the total defeat and capitulation of M'Mahon's army and the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon to the King of Prussia. The subjoined letter from a military correspondent of the *Times* gives a comprehensive account of

THE GENERAL OPERATIONS.

"When M'Mahon conceived the brilliant but dangerous idea of eluding the Prussian armies and relieving Bazaine before Metz, he evidently miscalculated the powers of the force under his command. It was on Tuesday, Aug. 23, that, after retiring from Châlons upon Rheims, he first commenced his movement in advance. It is probable that he reckoned upon marching twenty miles per day, and that a previous arrangement with Bazaine had fixed Aug. 31 as the date upon which he would thus be able to raise the investment of Metz. The French newspapers had so consistently perverted facts that the very announcement of this movement must have induced the Prussians to disbelieve in it. It is now certain that it was only on the Thursday, the 25th, they became convinced that the advance was a reality and not a feint. M'Mahon should then have been eighty miles on his road towards Metz, and when the real truth became known in the Prussian camp, Bismarck became anxious, and even the impassive Moltke had a *mauvais quart d'heure*. But on that Thursday M'Mahon's force had only done twenty miles. The men were utterly overloaded, and the army, having been hastily made up, comprised a large number of men in no condition for a forced march. The armies of the Crown Prince and Prince of Saxony started in pursuit, and, doing their twenty miles per day, the result was no longer doubtful. M'Mahon, finding himself foiled, passed the Meuse at Mouzon, with De Failly's corps to protect his right front, and took up a position on the heights between Mouzon and Sedan. But on Tuesday, Aug. 30, the Prussians, having occupied the woods near Beaumont, suddenly surprised De Failly, very much as they had done at Weissenburg, and, after a severe action, in which some of the marines particularly distinguished themselves, De Failly, with considerable loss, repassed the river and joined the main army. On that afternoon the Emperor was at Carignan; but later in the evening the orders for a retreat were given out, and, leaving one division near Carignan, the rest of the army threw back its left and occupied the heights between Bazelle and Francheville. Early on the morning of Wednesday, Aug. 31, the Prussian army, having crossed the Meuse, opened a heavy fire upon the right and centre of the French position. The division left at Carignan fell back close to the Belgian frontier, and, after making a long and useless detour, with no enemy near at hand, got one brigade into position to the left of Francheville, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. In the mean time a heavy fire had been going on, especially on the French right, without any decisive result, but rather favourably for the French. At about one o'clock the Prussians pushed down a considerable cavalry force, and drove a crowd of French stragglers into the woods near Francheville; but a division of French cavalry, deploying on the heights to their left, checked any further advance. Towards four o'clock the fire slackened on both sides, and had almost ceased long before dusk. Soon after daylight on the morning of Thursday, Sept. 1, the battle recommenced with a heavy cannonade on both sides. During the night the French left had been still further reinforced, and their line now extended from Bazelle by Givogue to the heights in front of La Chapelle. Thus their right rested upon the Meuse, and their left upon Belgian territory. In the mean time the Prussians had occupied the heights of Francheville in force, and had brought up some fresh corps not engaged on Wednesday. They searched the woods on the Belgian frontier with clouds of light cavalry, and pushed forward to the attack of La Chapelle, which they carried with ease at about eleven o'clock, the village being defended only by a battalion of francs-tireurs. The attack upon the French right and centre, which occupied a strong position on the main road from Bouillon to Sedan, with a sluggish and wooded stream running along the front, had not been successful; but, after taking La Chapelle, the Prussian left advanced rapidly, and pushing back Lebrun's corps in utter disorder, together with five cavalry regiments on the French extreme left flank, completely turned Givogue. The French division on the left fell back in utter rout upon Belgian territory, and the cavalry, galloping wildly from the field, broke up into small detachments, and sought safety in the immense woods of St. Cecile. The French right still resisted stubbornly, but, passing the Meuse near Donchery, the Prussians threatened their communications, while their completely victorious right gradually hemmed in the remains of the army of M'Mahon. M'Mahon himself had been wounded, and by five o'clock the whole French army was in full retreat in a disorganised state. About 7000 men had already reached Belgian territory, and the roads near the frontier were blocked with deserted caissons, while cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all mixed together, still crowded wildly on. The Prussian cavalry pushed forward on their right, and by seven o'clock the French army was nearly surrounded. At eight the Emperor, who had been in Sedan, sent in a proposition to surrender himself, and at ten on Friday morning, Sept. 2, he did so in person; while the army, broken, dispersed, and demoralised, capitulated to the Prussians. The Prussian forces numbered about 220,000, and the French about 110,000. By two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday nearly all the wounded had been collected, and the dead were being rapidly interred. The principal losses were near Sedan and Bazelle, and the mitrailleuses worked with deadly effect in this direction. The French made no attempt at intrenching their position. Their cavalry showed the same incapacity that has characterised them throughout this war. One whole brigade of light cavalry, without being pressed, took refuge in the woods and crossed the frontier. The losses on both sides must have been very considerable. In a little valley near Bazelle lay the bodies of De Failly, his aide-de-camp, and both

their horses, all killed by one shell. His incapacity had been the main cause of M'Mahon's defeat at Worth, and it was his corps that was surprised at Mouzon; but he died a soldier's death, and

Never more on him shall sorrow light or shame.

On Friday the King visited the different Prussian divisions. All were in perfect order, and it was difficult to believe in such wonderful regularity the day after a great battle. Strangers were allowed to visit the field without hindrance, and were received with the greatest civility, in marked contrast to the petty annoyances to which they had been subjected by the French. Men and horses were in excellent condition. The old soldiers on the French side fought admirably, and bore all the brunt of the recent action; but many of the hastily-formed battalions broke up without ever firing a shot, and seemed much more anxious to retire upon Belgium than upon France. The Belgian troops did their duty in disarming the fugitives with great consideration. All the Prussian officers who crossed the frontier were wounded; but the towns swarmed with unwounded French officers, whose contented levity in the face of such a great national disaster was the subject of general remark."

THE FIGHTING IN DETAIL.

What may be called the fighting in detail is graphically described by the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at the German head-quarters; though the writer would have made his account more acceptable had he kept himself, his sayings and his doings, (much of which, by-the-by, we have taken leave to omit) a trifle more in the background. He dates from

"CHEVEUGE, NEAR SEDAN, Four a.m., Sept. 2.

"Above the village of Cheveuge rises a high hill, from the crown of which a most magnificent view, not only of the town of Sedan, but of the whole valley of the Meuse for many miles, is to be obtained. The battle began about six a.m., and the King left the village of Vendres, where he had slept, at 7.30 a.m., for the scene of action. I arrived there about half an hour after his Majesty. A more splendid panorama than that which stretched for miles beneath us it would be impossible to imagine. The hill on which the King, Bismarck, Von Roon, General Moltke, and a numerous staff (including Generals Sheridan and Forsyth, in the uniform of the United States) stood is about three miles from the town of Sedan, which lies on the Meuse, some thousand feet below. On our left, about half a mile off, was another eminence, crowned by a château newly built and ugly, in front of which the Crown Prince and his staff were placed. Also on our left, in the valley below, were heavy masses of Prussian cavalry out of range of the French guns. Still further to the left, though out of sight, were the Wurtembergers, in reserve in case the doomed and hemmed-in French army should attempt to break out in that direction. About half a mile in front of the cavalry ran the Meuse, the broken railway-bridge forming a most conspicuous point de mire from our hill. On the right bank—the French side, I may say—the Prussians had a battery of six guns, which did them great service during the first six hours of the action. Beyond this battery was a large village, named Floing, which met with the usual fate of villages in warfare, being set on fire by the French shells early in the day. The Prussian line extended for miles beyond the village, as far as the great woods of Condé and Sedan, which run to the Belgian frontier, only some ten miles from where we stood, and form part of the great forest of Ardennes. To the right—our right—of the Prussian line, and distant about three miles, lay Sedan; but between Floing and Sedan there is first a plain and then a low hill running out as a promontory into the plain, and steep on the side towards Floing, but flat and unbroken on the top for more than a mile, until it reaches the outskirts of Sedan, where it rises sharply to the woods of La Garenne above the town. Right of this hill lies Sedan, its buildings and old-fashioned fortifications plainly visible to the naked eye from our hill. To the right or east of this were large barracks close to the Meuse, and beyond these, again, an old castle—I believe the arsenal of Sedan. Above this château to the north-eastward was the citadel. Above Sedan is the wood of La Garenne, and in the faubourgs between these woods and the town itself were the French troops in masses, some of the columns apparently inactive all day. On the east end of the town was a tolerably open space for some three or four miles, and then a gentle rise, on which the French batteries were placed; beyond them were large woods, in front of which were the Saxons, under Prince Albert, the heir to the throne. Behind the Saxons were the Prussian Guards in reserve, at first to prevent the French attempting to cut their way out to Carignan and Montmédy. Between the Saxons and ourselves, and south-east of Sedan on both sides the Meuse, were the two Bavarian corps, their left flank extending to our hill, and joining the two Prussian corps of which I have already spoken on the west and south-west of the beleaguered town. On the immediate right of our hill was the large wood of La Marfée, famous for a battle in the wars of the League. Between this and Sedan the ground sloped away, forming a plateau half way down to the river, which was occupied by the Bavarian batteries thundering all day at our feet.

"The number of the Prussian troops engaged was estimated by General Moltke at 240,000, and that of the French at 100,000. We know that General M'Mahon had with him on Tuesday, Aug. 30, 120,000—i.e., four corps: his own; that lately commanded by General De Failly, now under General Lebrun; that of Felix Douay, brother of General Abel Douay, who fell at Weissenburg; and a fourth corps, principally composed of gardes mobiles, the name of whose commander has escaped me. M'Mahon being wounded, General Wimpffen commanded in chief on the French side. It is almost needless to say that the real Commander-in-Chief of the Germans was Von Moltke, with the Crown Prince and Prince Albert of Saxony immediately next in command. There was hardly any manoeuvring at all during the day. The Prussian, Bavarian, and Saxon army corps formed a crescent round the town, with its horns towards the Belgian frontier. About twelve o'clock this crescent became a circle, the junction between the Prussians on the left and the Saxons on the right being effected near the road to Bouillon, not far from La Chapelle. This circle grew ever smaller and smaller, until at length its circumference was inside the outworks of Sedan itself.

"There had been a few stray cannon-shots fired—merely 'sighting-shots,' however—as soon as it was light, but the real battle did not begin until six o'clock, becoming a sharp artillery fight at nine, when the batteries had on each side got within easy range and the shells began to do real mischief. At 11.55 the musketry fire in the valley behind Sedan, which had begun about 11.25, became tremendously lively, being one continued rattle, only broken by the loud growling of the mitrailleuses, which played with deadly effect on the advancing Saxon and Bavarian columns. At twelve precisely the Prussian battery—six guns—on the slope above the broken railway-bridge over the Meuse, near La Villette, had silenced two batteries of French guns at the foot of the hill already mentioned, near the village of Floing. At ten minutes past twelve the French infantry, no longer supported by their artillery, was compelled to retire from Floing; and soon afterwards the junction between the Saxons and Prussians behind Sedan was announced to us by General von Roon, eagerly peering through a large telescope, as being safely completed. From this moment the result of the battle was as good as foregone, the French being completely surrounded and brought to bay. At 12.25 we were all astonished to see clouds of retreating French infantry on the hill between Floing and Sedan, a Prussian battery in front of St. Menges making good practice with percussion-shell among the retreating ranks. The whole hill for a quarter of an hour was literally covered with 'Frenchmen running rapidly.' Less than half an hour after, at 12.50, General von Roon called our attention to another French column in full retreat to the right of Sedan, on the road leading from Bazelles to La Garenne wood. They never halted until they got to a small red-roofed house on the outskirts of Sedan itself. Almost at the same moment General Sheridan called my attention to a third French column moving up a broad grass road

through La Garenne wood immediately above Sedan, doubtless to support the troops defending the important Bazelles ravine to the north-east of the town. At 12.55 the French batteries on the edge of the wood of La Garenne and above it opened a vigorous fire on the advancing Prussian columns of the 3rd Corps, whose evident intention it was to storm the hill north-west of La Garenne, and so gain the key of the position on that side. At 1.5 yet another French battery near the wood opened on the Prussian column, which were compelled to keep shifting their ground till ready for their final rush at the hill, in order to avoid offering so good a mark to the French shells. Shortly after we saw the first Prussian skirmishers on the crest of La Garenne hill above Torcy. They did not seem in strength, and General Sheridan, standing beside me, exclaimed, 'Ah! the beggars are too weak; they can never hold that position against all those French.' The General's prophecy soon proved correct, for the French advancing at least six to one, the Prussians were forced to retire down the hill to seek reinforcements from the columns which were hurrying to their support. In five minutes they came back again, this time in greater force, but still terribly inferior to the huge French columns. 'Good Heavens! the French cuirassiers are going to charge them,' said General Sheridan; and sure enough the regiment of cuirassiers, their helmets and breast-plates flashing in the September sun, form up in sections of squadrons and dash down on the Prussian scattered skirmishers. Without deigning to form line—squares are never used by the Prussians—the infantry received the cuirassiers with a most tremendous 'schnell-feuer' (quick fire), at about 108 yards, loading and firing as fast as possible into the dense squadrons. Over went men and horses by hundreds, and the regiment was compelled to retire much faster, it seemed to me, than it came. The moment the cuirassiers turned the plucky Prussians actually dashed in hot pursuit after them at the double. Such a thing has not often been recorded in the annals of war. The French infantry then came forward in turn and attacked the Prussians, who waited quietly under a most rapid fire of chassepots until their enemies got within about 100 yards, when they gave them such a dose of lead that the infantry soon followed the cavalry to the 'place from which they came'—that is, behind a ridge some 600 yards on the way to Sedan, where the traitresse could not hit them. The great object of the Prussians was gained, as they were not dispossessed of the crest of the hill, and it was fair betting that they would do all that in them lay to get some artillery up to help them before Napoleon III. was much nearer his deposition. 'There will be a rough fight for that crest,' says Sheridan, peering through his field-glass at the hill, which was not three miles from where we stood, with the full fire on it from behind us. At half-past one the French cavalry, this time I fancy a regiment of carabiniers, made another attempt to dislodge the Prussians, who were being reinforced every minute. But they met with the same fate as their brethren in the iron jackets, and were sent with heavy loss to the rightabout, the Prussians taking advantage of their flight to advance their line a couple of hundred yards nearer the French infantry. Suddenly the Germans split into two bodies, leaving a break of a hundred yards in their line. We were not long in seeing the object of this movement; for little white puffs from the crest behind the skirmishers, followed by a commotion in the dense French masses, showed us that 'ces diables de Prussiens' have contrived, Heaven only knows how, to get a couple of 4-pounders up the steep ground, and have opened on the French. Something must have at this point been very wrong with the French infantry; for instead of attacking the Prussians—whom they still outnumbered by at least two to one—they remained in column on the hill seeing their only hope of retrieving the day vanishing from before their eyes, without stirring. The cavalry then tried to do a little Balaklava business, but without the success of the immortal six hundred. Down came the cuirassiers once more, this time riding straight for the two field-pieces. But before they had got within 200 yards of the guns the Prussians formed line as if on parade, and, waiting till the French were within fifty yards, gave them a volley which seemed to us to destroy almost the whole of the leading squadron, and so actually block up the way to the guns for the next ones following. After this last charge, which was as complete a failure—although most gallantly conceived and executed—as the two preceding ones, the infantry fell back rapidly towards Sedan, and in an instant the whole hill was covered by swarms of Prussian traitresseurs, who appeared to rise from the ground. After the last desperate charge of the French cavalry, General Sheridan remarked to me, 'I never saw anything so reckless, so utterly foolish, as that last charge—it was sheer murder.' The Prussians, after the French infantry fell back, advanced rapidly, so much so that the retreating squadrons of French cavalry turned suddenly round and charged desperately once again. But it was all no use. The days of breaking squares, or even lines, are over, and the 'thin blue line' soon stopped the Gallic onset. It was most extraordinary that the French had neither artillery nor mitrailleuses—especially these latter—on the hill to support their infantry. The position was a most important one, and certainly worth straining every nerve to defend. One thing was clear enough, that the French infantry, after once meeting the Prussians, declined to try conclusions with them again, and that the cavalry were trying to encourage them by their example. About two, more Prussian reinforcements came over the long-disputed hill between Torcy and Sedan to reinforce the regiments already established there.

"All the time that this great conflict was going on under 'Fritz's eyes' and those of your correspondent, another was proceeding, none the less severe, and as murderous for the Bavarians as the one I have attempted to describe was for the French. If there was a want of mitrailleuses on the hill above Torcy, there was certainly none in the Bazelles ravine. On that side there was for more than an hour one continuous roar of musketry and mitrailleuses, and the Bavarian officers told me that the loss in their regiments was terrific, the mitrailleuses having made lanes in their columns. At 2.5 p.m. the French totally abandoned the hill between Torcy and Sedan, and fell back on the faubourg of Caral, just outside the ramparts of the town. 'Now the battle is lost for the French,' says General Sheridan, to the great delight of the Prussian officers. One would almost have fancied that the French had heard his words, for they had hardly been uttered before there was a lull in the firing all along the line, or rather circle, as it had now become.

"At 2.45 the King came by where I was standing, saying he thought the French were going to try and break out just beneath us, in front of the 2nd Bavarian Corps. At ten minutes to four General Sheridan told me that Napoleon and 'Loulu' were in Sedan. No one, however, believed this. At 3.20 the Bavarians below us not only continue to get inside the fortifications of Sedan, but maintain themselves there, wending their way forward from house to house. About four there was a great fight for the possession of the ridge above Bazelles. That gone, Sedan was swept on all sides by the Prussian cannon. This point of vantage was carried by the Prussians at 4.40, and from that moment there could not be a shade of doubt as to the ultimate fate of Sedan. About five o'clock there was a sudden suspension of the cannonade along the whole line. Many and diverse were the speculations as to what could be the cause of this sudden lull. You may judge of our surprise when, five minutes afterwards, we saw a French officer, escorted by two uhlans, coming at a hard trot up the steep bridge-path from Sedan to our post, one of the uhlans carrying a white duster on a fagot-stick as a flag of truce. The messenger turned out to be a French colonel come to ask for terms of surrender. After a very short consultation between the King and General von Moltke, the messenger was told that in a matter so important as the surrender of at least 80,000 men and an important fortress, it was necessary to send an officer of high rank. 'You are, therefore, to return to Sedan and to tell the Governor of the town to report himself immediately to the King of Prussia. If he does not arrive in an hour, our guns will open again. You may tell the commandant that it is useless his trying to obtain

other terms than unconditional surrender.' The 'parlementaire' rode back with this message, and when he was fairly out of earshot many were the speculations concerning the mission. At 6.30 there was a sudden cry among the members of the King's staff of 'Der Kaiser ist da!' and then there was a loud hurrah. Soon we began to look anxiously for the arrival of the second flag of truce, and in ten minutes more General Reille rode up with a letter for the King of Prussia. As soon as the French General was in sight, the slender escort of cuirassiers and dragoons we had with us was drawn up in line, two deep, behind the King. In front of the escort was the staff, and ten yards in front of them, again, stood his Majesty to receive General Reille, who, we soon learnt, was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor Napoleon to King William. The Emperor of the French wrote:— 'As I cannot die at the head of my army, I lay my sword in the feet of your Majesty.' On receipt of this most touching letter, there was a brief consultation between the King and the Crown Prince (who had come from his hill on the arrival of the flag of truce), Bismarck, Moltke, and Von Roon. After a few minutes' conversation the King sat down on a rush-bottomed chair and wrote a note on another chair (held as a table by two aides-de-camp) to the Emperor, begging him to come next morning to the King of Prussia's headquarters at Vendres. When the King had written his letter he himself handed it to General Reille, who stood bare-headed to receive it, the Italian and Crimean medals glittering on his breast in the last rays of the setting sun. At 7.40 the General left for the beleaguered town, escorted by the uhlans. Then there was a general demand for something to drink, and Count Bismarck's aide-de-camp produced two bottles of Belgian beer, one of which his Excellency shared with Generals Sheridan, Forsyth, and myself, saying that he drank to the nearer union of the three great Teuton peoples."

AN ACCOUNT FROM THE FRENCH SIDE.

A *Daily News* correspondent with M'Mahon's army thus tells the story of the battle of Sedan from the French point of view:—"To say the truth, while alive to the deficiencies of this army, the formation of which I followed under the Marshal's eye, I could not believe that it was destined to so short a career and a termination so disastrous. As it is, I can hardly believe that my recollections of the last four days are anything but a bad dream. Blow has followed blow, and we have seemed like men struggling not only against other men, but against the gods. Faily's defeat on Tuesday, Aug. 30, was as Weissenburg before Würth. That General, who had 20,000 men under him between Stonne and Beaumont, permitted himself to be surprised. In the middle of the day his men were scattered about, resting, without patrols or grand guards, when the Prussians fell upon him, and there was not time to harness the horses to all the guns. The Prussians will try to make you believe that they took cannon in battle; they took them, but it was by surprise. Once more they used the cover of the woods which clothe the heights south of the road, and from there they burst upon the unguarded corps. Faily got across the Meuse and joined the main body, which was itself attacked in the afternoon by a strong force, apparently coming by way of Moulin, and compelled to fall back past Maury and Tetaigne, to cross the Chiers, and take up a position on some heights behind the Rulle. On Wednesday morning, Aug. 31, M'Mahon occupied the heights of Bazailles, on the road to Sedan, and of Francheval, in the direction of the frontier, with a front looking to the south-west. The Prussians at first attacked our right with artillery, remarkably well served, but failed to make an impression. We were well posted, and they must have suffered considerable loss. Failing here, they made another equally unsuccessful attempt to turn our left by the Bois de Francheval, but that movement having also been frustrated, they seemed disposed to let us rest. Many officers say that if a little more energy had been shown on our right on the Wednesday a very positive advantage would have been secured."

"On Thursday, Sept. 1, the Prussians began firing before five o'clock, when we did not expect them, and when our men had not had time for the routine duties of the camp. The French left had been refused from Francheval to Givonne, and extended to the heights opposite the Bois de Francheval. The latter forest, it soon appeared, had been occupied by the Prussians. The attack was first directed against the French right and centre, from Bazailles to Moncelle, and here most obstinate contest was maintained. The Prussians advanced again and again, but were steadfastly met by our men, who received them with a steady fire and repulsed them with the bayonet. The slope before Bazailles was covered with Prussian killed and wounded. But while the conflict was thus gallantly maintained, and the right was re-joining in its success, a most disastrous movement was being made on the left. The Prussians sent a body of uhlans through the woods of Dos le Loupe, who got into the rear of our position by reaching the Bouillon road by La Chapelle. This operation rendered our left unsteady, although it was composed of seasoned troops, among them the Marine Infantry brought up from Cherbourg, and the Prussians advancing at the same time in front, they gave way. The army in front was cut in two. The regiments facing the left were scattered in all possible directions. Large numbers, both of infantry and cavalry, took the road to the Belgian frontier. I have met a person who saw hundreds upon hundreds of men of all arms flying through Charleville at four o'clock on Thursday afternoon. The 11th and 6th Hussars have been mentioned to me as having led the way in this extraordinary retreat. They said at Charleville that they had been ordered to leave the field, as they could be of no service; and certainly they have saved themselves from the fate which has befallen those who remained to fight. But the artillery, which was surely not in the way, followed their example; and thirty guns and ten mitrailleuses, my friend tells me, reached Charleville on the same afternoon. The right wing maintained its ground, while the Prussians were enveloping the left, and getting round on that side to Sedan. It was resolved by the enemy to turn the right also; and for this purpose a corps of Saxon and Wurtemberg troops was sent to cross the Meuse at Donchery and cut off the retreat on that side. The bridge at Donchery ought to have been held at any price, but the South Germans were allowed to get over. Then all was lost. Bravery could no longer avail. The army had lost its communications; it was surrounded, and literally hemmed in. M'Mahon had been wounded, and amongst the men there was a general want of confidence. Everybody began to look out for himself, and had the road to Mezieres been open, there would have been a general flight along it. But the Prussians had been only too provident for us. There was no need for more fighting, and the Prussians saw it. The flight was stopped by uhlans, and we were driven up like sheep. The same night a proposal was made to the Prussians for a capitulation. I verily believe that on that day by some of the bravest of our soldiers this measure was accepted, not, indeed, without the deepest sorrow and anger for the causes which had made it necessary, but without disapprobation or regret, and in some measure as a relief that was due to them. In some respects they have been used infamously by those who ought to have cared for them. Slow as the movements of the army have been since it left Reims, men have been kept for thirty hours without the rations that were due to them. Every campaigner knows that this was the result of neglect, and when a soldier can follow such failure of duty with his eyes, he suspects it when he cannot see it. De Faily's name has been on many lips since Tuesday, and has not been mentioned with respect. But he has expiated his faults. A shell exploded near him and he was literally torn to pieces. Poor M'Mahon! he will never, I fear, lead another army to the field. The soldiers love him; but Governments prefer to employ lucky Generals. I cannot help thinking that it was against his judgment that he advanced with so many raw and unformed troops. A compact and well-organised army of 80,000 men, master of its movements and free to advance or retreat, would have enabled

him to accomplish much more, in a difficult country like this, than an unwieldy body which increased his dead weight, diminished his mobility, and made many movements indicated by the events of the campaign impossible. The world ought to remember this, and France ought to feel grateful to a commander who, knowing, as M'Mahon must have done, the risks he ran in meeting an army like that of Prussia with an army wanting in homogeneity and discipline, with it undertook to try what was possible for the sake of his country. We need Generals, however, who can make good soldiers out of conscripts, and make them rapidly; for there is no disguising the fact that the corps d'élite, upon which we have always built too much, have disappeared with terrible rapidity in this war, and Zouaves and chasseurs-à-pied are not made in a day."

THE WAR.

THE great military events in France—the battles of Sedan and the surrender of the French army—are recorded elsewhere. We have only to add some further particulars and the latest news to hand.

THE TERMS OF CAPITULATION AT SEDAN.

The correspondent of the *Standard* sends the following as a textual copy of the capitulation:—

SEDAN, Sept. 2.

By the Chief of the Staff of his Majesty King William, Commander-in-Chief of the German armies, and the General Commanding-in-Chief of the French armies, both with full powers from his Majesty the King and the Emperor of the French, the following agreement has been concluded:—

Art. 1. The French army, under the command of General Wimpffen, surrounded actually by superior forces around Sedan, are prisoners of war.

Art. 2. Owing to the valorous defence of that army, an exception (exemption) is made for all the Generals and officers, and for the superior employés having rank of officers in the military list, who will give their word of honour in writing not to take up arms against Germany, nor to act in any way against the interests of that nation, till the end of the present war. The officers and employés accepting that condition will keep their arms and their effects belonging to them personally.

Art. 3. All the other arms and the army material, consisting of flags, eagles, cannons, horses, war ammunitions, military trains, will be surrendered at Sedan by a military commission named by the Commander-in-Chief, to be given at once to the German commissary.

Art. 4. The town of Sedan will be given up at once, in its present state, and no later than the evening of Sept. 2, to be put at the disposal of the King of Prussia.

Art. 5. The officers who will not undertake the military engagement mentioned in art. 2, and the troops of the armies, will be conducted with their regiments in their corps, and in military order.

This measure will commence on Sept. 2, and will terminate on the 3rd. The soldiers will be brought up by the Meuse, near D Yze, and put into the hands of the German commissary by their officers, who will give their commands to their non-commissioned officers. The military surgeons will remain, without exception, at the rear to take care of the wounded.

The correspondent adds, that when the consulting commission of Generals were discussing as *parlementers* with the Prussian commanders and General Moltke, two of the French Generals were for a resistance to the last; but the great Prussian strategist told them at once that he knew exactly their desperate position—that the French troops in Sedan were without food and ammunition, and that, being surrounded on each side, any resistance would be madness. After those arguments the capitulation was agreed to. The French Colonels, on hearing of the capitulation, burned the flags and eagles of their regiments, the soldiers threw their guns, their swords, ammunition, &c., in the Meuse, breaking everything at hand, sooner than let them fall into the hands of the enemy. Sedan was without any resources or provisions; horses shot in the battle were nearly the only food. Towards the evening several superior officers and a General were killed by shells in the very streets of the town.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL WIMPFEN TO THE ARMY.

On the capitulation being determined upon, General Wimpffen, on whom the command had devolved in consequence of the wound received by Marshal M'Mahon, issued the following address to the army:—

Soldiers.—You yesterday fought against very superior forces. From day-break to sunset you resisted the enemy with the utmost valour, and fired your last cartridges. And now, exhausted by the struggle, you could not respond to the call of your Generals and officers to attempt to gain the Montmédy road and rejoin Marshal Bazaine. Two thousand men only were able to attempt this supreme effort. They only got as far as the village of Balan, and fell back upon Sedan, where your General found, with poignant grief, that there were neither ammunition nor provisions. There is no hope of defending the place against the enemy's powerful artillery. Inasmuch, therefore, as the army can neither leave the town nor defend it, and as there is no food either for the army or the inhabitants, I have taken the melancholy resolution of treating with the enemy. I was sent yesterday to the Prussian headquarters, with full powers from the Emperor, and I could not at first resign myself to the hard conditions offered. This morning only, being threatened with a bombardment which we could not resist, I have again treated, and I have obtained conditions which, so far as possible, spare you the humiliating conditions often exacted by the usages of war under such circumstances. There is nothing now left for us, officers and men, but to accept with resignation the consequences of a state of things against which no army can struggle—want of ammunition and provisions. I have at least the consolation of knowing that I am preventing a useless massacre, and preserving for the country soldiers who may yet render good and brilliant service on a future occasion.

The General Commanding-in-Chief, DE WIMPFEN.

A very remarkable inference is to be drawn from General Wimpffen's capitulation—namely, that Count de Palikao continued his system of mendacity to the very last, when he said the Emperor had nothing to do with the command of the army. General de Wimpffen expressly says that he capitulated by virtue of the "full powers he had from the Emperor." Let us render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's.

THE SPIRIT AND DISCIPLINE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

A French correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has arrived in London, says on this subject:—

It was a relief last Saturday when the Prussians came in and occupied the town and restored order. I am sorry to have to acknowledge that all through the campaign the French have acted much more like a conquering army in a hostile country than the Prussians. All the annoyance I have experienced personally came from my own countrymen, from the peasants above all, who saw a spy in every stranger. When I fell into the hands of the Prussians, I found them courteous and kind. On the back of my French military pass the Prussian staff had indorsed a Prussian safe conduct. Often I was not obliged even to show my papers. My word was taken, and once out of Sedan I came swiftly through. When I left Sedan, on Sunday morning, things were getting rapidly to rights. The streets were cleared of dead horses and men; the indescribable filth of the town was being swept into the river; the shops were opening again; discipline had taken the place of disorder. I saw enough Prussian organisation and energy to change, if the grievous defeat of a noble army had not already changed, the opinion I have so often expressed, that ultimate victory for France was sure. I have followed M'Mahon from the day when I found him reorganising his army at Châlons to the fatal day at Sedan, when he surrendered the best organised force in France, save the remnant of that which is shut up in Metz. Certainly when I was at the camp of Châlons, and then at Rheims, I had observed that the number of stragglers was enormous, and I continually met soldiers who did not know where their regiments were. I had seen men and officers disabled by wounds which French soldiers of other days would have despised. I had remarked how untidy and careless the men were allowed to be about their dress and equipments. These things, slight, but significant to a military eye, had caused me, no doubt, some misgivings as to the rapidity of success we had a right to expect. I saw also how prone French officers were to avoid the fatigues of long marches and the discomfort of bivouacs. I remember how often I have traversed the French lines at dead of night and at early dawn, and never heard a *quint*, never came across a French vedette, never fallen in with a party of *Éclaireurs*. On the other hand, how often have I seen officers spend the time that ought to have been given to their men in cafés or in poor village inns; how often even officers of the staff have neglected their duties for paltry amusements, showing themselves ignorant sometimes even of the name of the department in which they were, so that I have known a French General obliged to ask his way from peasants at the meeting of two roads. I struggled long against all this kind of evidence, but the end is only too clear. Painful it is to me, but I am bound to declare my belief that any further effort France may make can only cause useless bloodshed, and that a means of escape from her peril must now be sought otherwise than by arms.

MISCELLANEOUS WAR NEWS.

The siege of Montmédy has been abandoned by the Prussians, after the town had been half burned. It was believed in the town that the siege was raised.

The German armies continue their advance, as usual, behind a wide-spread curtain of Lancers. The latest information favours the belief that they will soon be heard of as having entered Soissons. A Paris telegram of Wednesday's date, indeed, reports the Prussians as at La Ferté sous Jouarre, forty miles from the capital. They entered Rheims on Monday, in force, under General Monnier, without resistance, King William making his appearance there the same day. Last Saturday an alarm was raised in Rheims that the Prussians were coming, whereupon General de Liniers issued a proclamation to the inhabitants exhorting them to arm and defend themselves and to co-operate with the army without fearing reprisals. The next morning early all the troops in and about Rheims left the place by railway, in four special trains, for Soissons, and immediately afterwards the iron railway bridge over the canal was blown up with a tremendous report. Two waggon-loads of cartridges which could not be removed were thrown into the canal.

A French despatch from Mulhouse announces that the Germans had appeared at several points of the arrondissement, and had crossed the Rhine. The *Frances-Tireurs*, the volunteers, and the National Guards were going forth to meet them. It was officially stated on Wednesday in Paris that the German attempts to cross the Rhine at Mulhouse had been prevented by the gallant resistance of the local troops.

King William thus reported his interview with the Emperor, in a despatch to Queen Augusta, dated Sept. 4:—"What a thrilling moment, that of my meeting with Napoleon! He was cast down, but dignified in his bearing, and resigned. I gave him Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, as the place where he will stay. Our meeting took place in a small castle in front of the western glacis of Sedan. From there I rode through the ranks of our army round Sedan. The reception by the troops—thou may'st imagine it! it was indescribable. I finished my five hours' ride at nightfall, at half-past seven, but only arrived back here at one a.m. May God aid us further!"

General Bonin, the Governor-General of Lorraine, has issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of that province, in which, after quoting the proclamation of the King of Prussia of the 11th ult., he promises to all peaceable citizens safety for their persons and property, and requires in return exact observance and obedience to his orders, both by the authorities and inhabitants. He adds that, in case of his orders being resisted, he shall take every means that lie in his power to assert his authority.

The neutral Powers are understood to be busily engaged in concerting measures of intervention. The Russian journals declare that the efforts of their Government are directed to localise the war and bring it to an end as soon as possible, but without limiting its free action; Austria is earnest to declare that she has from the first preserved an attitude of perfect neutrality; while the semi-official *Prussian Correspondence* declares that the change of Government in Paris deprives the neutral Powers of all pretexts for interference. The Paris Government has rather complicated matters by dismissing at once the Ambassadors at London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

AFFAIRS AT METZ.

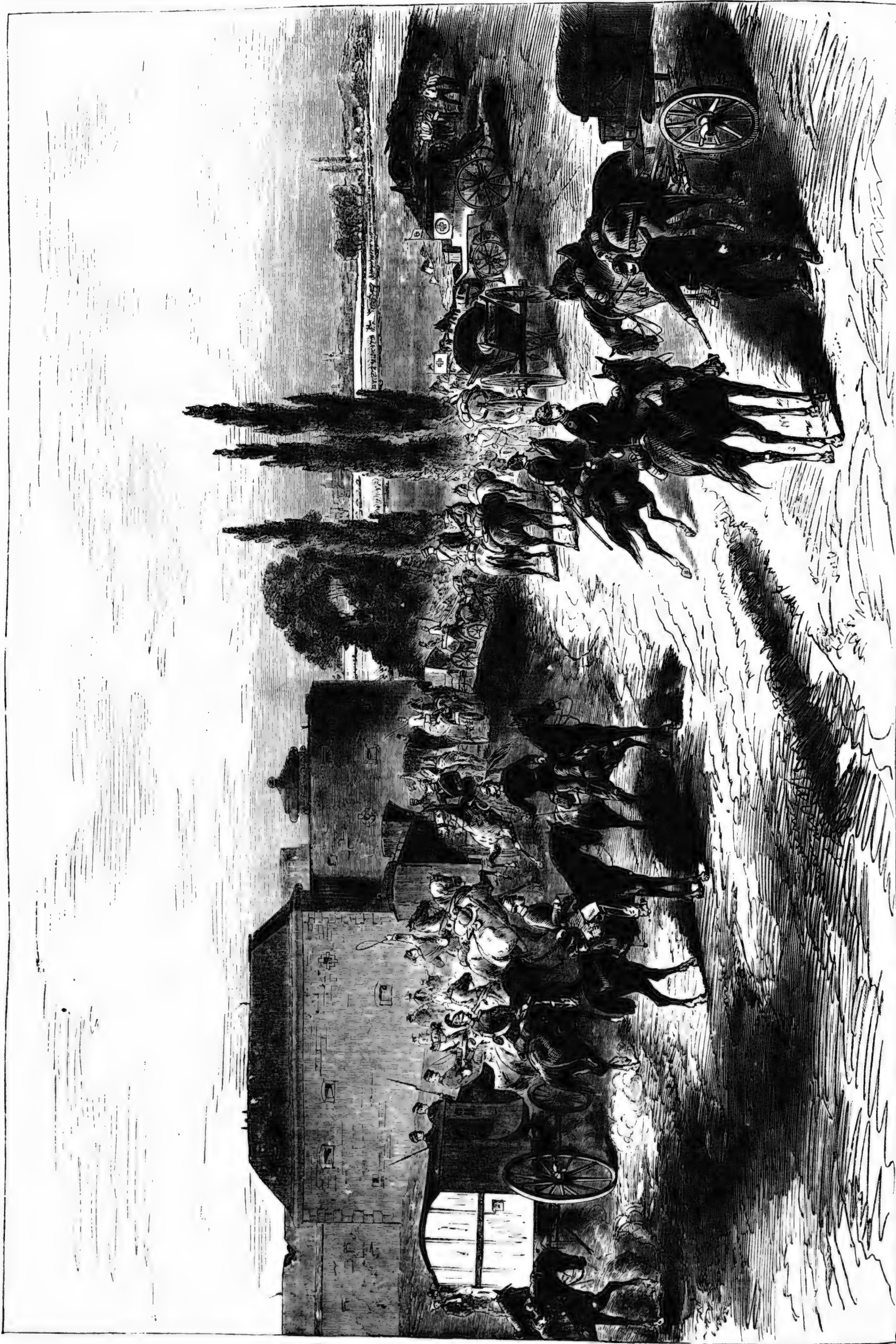
While the great events were occurring at Sedan which will be found recorded elsewhere, the armies at and around Metz were not idle; though we have as yet very meagre accounts of their doings. An official German telegram, dated St. Barbe, near Metz, Sept. 1, 9.45 p.m., says:—"Marshal Bazaine has been engaged with his whole army since early yesterday morning against our 1st Army Corps and the division of General Kummer, attached thereto. The battle lasted all day and night. The Marshal was victoriously driven back at all points during the night and to-day. The French army displayed great bravery, but had to succumb to the East Prussians. Prince Frederick Charles, both yesterday and to-day, congratulated the 1st Army Corps on both victories. The 4th Landwehr division took a glorious part in the victory of to-day."

There can be no doubt that the advance of M'Mahon, which brought on these battles, had been concerted with Bazaine, and that the latter knew that the Germans would be engaged with M'Mahon while he was struggling with Prince Frederick Charles. It may turn out that M'Mahon's delays, which have seemed so unaccountable, were planned to give time to Bazaine to prepare for a decisive effort. Letters from before Metz of the 24th ult. stated that the defenders were strengthening the works of their entrenched camp on the west side of the Moselle. The writer notes that the weather had been cold and rainy for several days, causing much sickness in the form of diarrhoea and dysentery among the Prussian troops, who began to suffer from want of shelter; the day of action, however, found a sufficient number of them equal to their task. It will be understood that the French troops are not shut within the walls of Metz as criminals are shut in a prison, although they are hemmed in. To keep the French from escaping, all the roads from the fortress have been entrenched, and camps have been formed about the place. It was therefore open to Marshal Bazaine to offer battle to Prince Frederick Charles whenever he chose. On Friday, Aug. 26, he made an attempt to escape by the road to Courcelles, probably chosen as that which would be guarded by the least force. The Stuttgart Sanitary Committee, who were visiting the works before Metz that day, found on their arrival in the morning the Prussian outposts falling back before a sally in force. But the Prussians had an entrenched position, which defied the further advance of Bazaine's troops, who withdrew early in the afternoon. The visitors heard later that the French had directed a more real attack up the river to try to seize Pont-à-Mousson, and here, also, had been repulsed.

The prolonged attempt of Wednesday and Thursday (Aug. 31 and Sept. 1) was, however, of a very different character, made after ample time for preparation, and with all the forces at Marshal Bazaine's disposal. The French, it is evident, fought like lions to whom the cage had become intolerable, and who were determined to break through or perish in the attempt. Owing to the extraordinary circumstances of the struggle, which did not admit of an interval during which the works of the investing force might be strengthened against them, the French maintained the struggle not only all day on Wednesday but also through the night and again on Thursday. We may easily imagine them again and again charging the batteries and earthworks with a courage which failure rather inflamed than extinguished. Prince Frederick Charles pays a tribute to their great bravery, but sums up the issue in one line:—"The Marshal was victoriously driven back at all points during the night." We may be tolerably sure that the attempt will not be repeated until it is believed that some great change at present unforeseen is made in the conditions of the contest. All that men could do has been done by Bazaine's army in these memorable days, and there is nothing left but to be resigned to the result. Whether it be true or not that epidemic sickness prevailed in Metz before the battle, certainly the burial of five or ten thousand of the soldiers who must have fallen in these battles will not increase the salubrity of the Marshal's position.

A letter written by an officer from Metz, on the 22nd ult. (four days after the great battle of Gravelotte), says that "the investment was wholly completed on the morning of the 21st, seven corps forming a complete circuit round the city. The whole of these were now busied in hutting themselves in barracks of timber or patchwork, using the doors and windows from the adjacent villages very freely to complete these temporary structures. The troops are very well cared for—much better than in 1866. We have plenty of meat, bread, and wine. A telegraph is being carried round the whole of the investing camps, and a railroad formed a little distance from the works, to connect the two lines which properly meet close to them."

Since the publication of the telegram quoted above no official notification of what is going on at Metz has been received, but all the information that transpires concerning affairs in that quarter leads to the belief that the garrison must very soon either make a successful effort to raise the blockade or capitulate.



THE TWELFTH GERMAN ARMY CORPS (SAXONS) CROSSING THE RHINE AT FORT MONTEBELLO, MAYENCE.—(SEE PAGE 170)



PREPARING FOR THE SIEGE OF PARIS: A RAZZIA AMONG THE "USELESS."

CLEARING PARIS OF THE "USELESS" AND "DANGEROUS."

RESIDENTS in London, even though unacquainted with Paris, will readily understand that there are in that city not a few individuals who are not only useless, but dangerous, under circumstances such as those in which the French capital is now placed. To get rid of some, at least, of these persons, General Trochu lately issued orders for a clearance of such characters to be made from the low quarters of the city by the police. Accordingly, raids into the haunts of vice, folly, and crime were undertaken; large numbers of the "useless" and "dangerous" were captured,

some being expelled the city and others shut up in prison. But though some thousands of both sexes were thus got rid of, Paris is not by any means cleared of either its useless or its dangerous classes. Our Engravings show the police in the act of effecting a razzia among the useless and of conducting the dangerous forth of the walls.

THE CONDITION OF PARIS FOR DEFENCE.

THE capitulation of M'Mahon's army leaves nothing to oppose the march of the whole Prussian forces on Paris. It matters little whether Bazaine is provisioned or not. He is certainly not strong

enough to take the open field against the enemy, and his army might be entirely neglected if Paris were an open town. The present question is, whether Paris is likely to hold out long enough to exhaust the Germans and gain better times for France.

If the Germans appear before the gates of Paris, the situation will be such as has probably never occurred in the history of mankind. The city has nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, and is fully fortified according to the latest rules of castrometation; for Paris is not a mere fortress like Strasbourg, but is also a fortified camp like Verona, Mayence, and Metz. Let us see in what its defences consist.

In the first place, Paris is surrounded by a bastioned enceinte



EXPELLING THE "DANGEROUS."

FRENCH OPINION ON THE WAR.

M. GUIZOT.

The following is a translation of a letter from M. Guizot lately received by an English friend in this country:—

Val Richer.

My dear — If we were only beginning this unhappy war I would tell you frankly of its evil origin and its lamentable error; and I am sure that a large majority of the French nation think as I do about it. But we are not beginning the war. The opinion of the French nation on the main points of the question is unchanged, but no one thinks about them now, and indeed we cannot and ought not to think about them. For the present we ought to occupy ourselves—and, in fact, we do occupy ourselves—with war, and war only. We are engrossed by it, not only because of the unexpected reverses which we have experienced, but also, and above all, because of the designs which the Prussians manifest, and the character which they have stamped upon this war. On their part it is manifestly a war of ambition and for the sake of conquest. They proclaim loudly that they intend to take back Alsace and Lorraine, provinces which have been ours for two centuries, and which we have held through all the political vicissitudes and chances of war. The Prussians do more even than this; although they occupy these provinces very partially and only temporarily, they already presume to exercise the rights of sovereignty over them. They have issued a decree in Lorraine abolishing our laws of conscription and recruiting for the army. Ask the first honest German whom you meet if this is not one of those acts of victorious ambition which pledges a nation to a struggle indefinitely prolonged, a struggle which can only be terminated by one of those disasters that a nation never accepts—one that, if it experiences, it never forgets. Be sure, my dear —, that France will never accept the character and consequences which Prussia desires to give to the war. Because of our first reverses we have our national honour to preserve, and because of the claims of Prussia we have to defend and keep our national territory. We will maintain these two causes at any price and to the very end. And let me tell you—and that without presumption—that, being so resolute as we are, we are not seriously uneasy as to the result of this struggle. At the very beginning the Prussians made an immense effort; there is another effort yet to be made; it is on our part, and it has, as yet, scarcely begun. We were greatly to blame that we were not better prepared at first; but, with all our shortcomings, we have seen what our troops are worth, and this will be seen and felt more and more as time goes on. We are superior to the Prussians in men, money, and territory, and we will equal them in perseverance—even should they persevere, as they will need to do, if their projects are to have any chance of success. The age is with us, and we will not fail the age.

This, my dear —, I tell you in all frankness and sincerity, is the actual condition of facts and of men's minds in France. I am very anxious that it should be known in England, and that there should be no mistake there as to our national sentiments and the possibilities of the future. I devoted my whole political life to creating and maintaining bonds of friendship and unfettered alliance between France and England. I thought, and I still think, that this alliance is a pledge of the moral honour of the two nations, of their material prosperity, and of the progress of civilisation throughout the world. I can recall the sorrow and apprehension which I felt in 1857, when I thought that the power of England was endangered by the great Indian mutiny. I remember also that the sentiments of France at that time were in complete harmony with my own. It is, therefore, with sorrow, not unmixed with surprise, that I now see so many Englishmen so openly hostile to France. This is a very long letter, my dear —, and I have still much to say to you; but I must now conclude, and am always most heartily yours

GUIZOT.

MADAME GEORGE SAND.

A letter from George Sand, addressed to a friend, is published in some of the Paris journals. She writes, of course, like a Frenchwoman, and could hardly be expected to criticise the errors of French national self-love as sharply as a cool foreigner might do; but she tells her countrymen some truths which, recognised in time, might have averted the calamities now threatening France. She condemns, in language as just as it is severe, the utterly mistaken spirit of a so-called "patriotism," which would at any crisis stoop to place the intelligence and the conscience of the country at the service of a ministry or a man. That which she scornfully calls "the cry of majorities in distress;" the cry "Don't reproach us; only repair our faults," was ever on the lips of the Palikaos and Jerome Davids and such men, during the final throes of the Empire. Nor can George Sand bring herself to hate the Prussians any more than to worship the aggressive spirit of nationality as "patriotism," which can only believe itself great when it has made some rival small. This letter, written with all the clear thrilling eloquence of the author's happiest style, is especially appropriate now indeed; but it might well admonish generations and peoples. George Sand has raised her head above the wild waves of momentary passion, and appeals to principles which transcend the limits of years and the boundaries of nations. Even in the rage of the present tempest such words, we fully believe, will not be uttered in vain.

M. LOUIS BLANC.

Upon returning to Paris M. Louis Blanc has contributed an article to the *Temps* on the present attitude of England. He says that even before the Republic was proclaimed public opinion in this country, which previously had been almost entirely on the side of Prussia, had begun to turn somewhat in favour of France. The monstrous demands of Prussia, he says, are beginning to be seen through, and doubts are entertained whether the establishment of an immense German empire, governed by such men as Bismarck, would not be a menace to Europe and to England. M. Louis Blanc thinks that this reaction in public opinion should be assisted and developed by France, English sympathy being just now of especial use to her. The time has come to tell the world that the real French nation did not and does not desire war. Should hostilities be continued, the King of Prussia will be the aggressor by claiming Alsace and Lorraine, while France will be simply acting on the defensive.

OBITUARY.

MR. SELFE.—We announce with deep regret the decease of Mr. Selfe, barrister-at-law, and for seven years one of the presiding magistrates at Westminster Police Court. He was educated at Rugby, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and was admitted a member of the Bar June 6, 1834. He was appointed to the Thames Police Court in 1841, and transferred thence to the Westminster Court on March 20, 1858. As a magistrate he was an astute lawyer, and his decisions were regarded with great respect by his brother magistrates. In private life he had many friends. He married the sister of the present Archbishop of Canterbury. He was taken ill a month ago, and although for years a sufferer from the gout,

no unfavourable symptoms were seen till a week ago. He succumbed on Tuesday to general debility. He was fifty-nine years of age. He leaves a wife and several children, one of whom is at the Bar, and another a captain in the Royal Artillery.

MR. MURRAY DUNLOP.—The death is announced of Mr. A. C. S. Murray Dunlop, late M.P. for Greenock. Mr. Dunlop, who was in his seventy-second year, was a member of the Scottish bar. In the agitation which led to the Disruption of 1843 he was one of the leaders of the party which eventually formed the Free Church. He was the trusted adviser of Dr. Chalmers and his associates, and is understood to have brought his professional knowledge to bear in framing "The Claim of Right." When the Free Church had organised itself, he was appointed legal adviser to the body, an office which he held down to the time of his death.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.—At the Greenwich Police Court, on Monday, Thomas Forsyth was charged with attempting to murder John Alexander Fairbairn, head gardener to Mr. Noakes, of Brockley Hall. The prisoner is employed under Fairbairn, who on Sunday afternoon went to lie down in the gardener's house, and the prisoner, who appeared to be at the time perfectly sober, took up a double-barrelled gun, and deliberately fired at him, some of the shot lodging in the right side of the head. Fortunately the wound was not very severe. No motive was suggested for the act. The prisoner, after he had fired the gun, said, "As I was writing a letter down stairs a feeling came across me, and something said to me, 'Go and get the gun, you must shoot and kill the gardener.'" He afterwards said he did not remember anything after he got up to get the gun. He was remanded.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 2.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—J. HERBERT, Leicester, paper-box manufacturer.
BANKRUPT.—G. BROAD, Lime-street, merchant.—T. H. COOPER, Prince's-mews, Penbridge-square, tobacconist.—R. KEBB, E. Oxford-street, licensed victualler.—W. TURNER, Felix-street, Hackney-road, and Harrow-green, Leytonstone, oil and colour man.—W. BARTER, Bramshaw, builder.—G. C. BLOOMFIELD, Ricklinghall Inferior, grocer and draper.—L. BOTTOMLEY, Horton, machine woodworker.—J. COOKE, Abercromby, brewer.—J. GWINNE, Toxteth Park, commercial traveller.—D. HERON, Bridgewater, innkeeper.—W. MYERS, Wombwell, joiner.—D. PRICE, Dowdals, licensed victualler.—T. PULLEN, Leeds, mantel-maker.—S. W. REEVES, Rotting-dean, cattle salesman.—R. M. SHELTON, Croxall, veterinary surgeon.—J. THOMPSON, Chesdale, draper.—H. TRAVIS, jun., and E. RAMFORD, Littleborough, flannel manufacturers.—J. L. WILLIAMS, Everton.—T. K. and S. WOODHAMS, Seaford, brewers and coldwaterers.
SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—L. HILL, Inch Works, near Port Glasgow, engineer and shipbuilder.—A. COWAN, Ayr, tailor.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 6.

BANKRUPT.—H. J. ALTMANN, Caroline-street, Bedford-square, surgeon.—G. APPLERY, Scarborough, grocer.—F. S. DEAN, Abingdon, ironfounder.—I. CLOUGH, Birkenshaw, woollenier.—S. HARRISON, Derby, draper.—R. H. PAGE, Bath, livery-stable keeper.—T. W. SELBY and G. DRUMMOND, Laister Dyke, near Bradford, stuff manufacturers.
SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—J. CROOKS, Edinburgh, joiner.—P. BLAIR, sen., Edinburgh.—T. ALLADICE and J. W. DUNDEE, builders.

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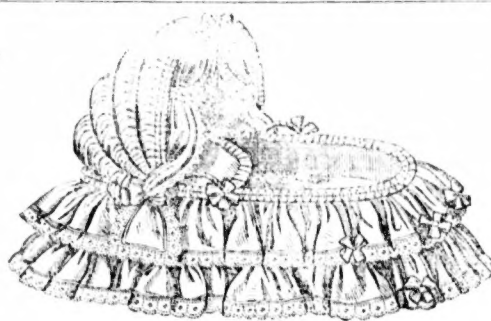


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